

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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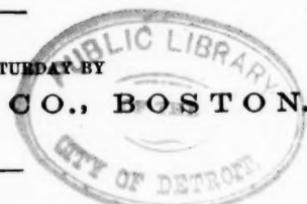
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STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.
(THE POPULAR REBEL BALLAD.)

Come, stack arms, men ! Pile on the rails ;
Stir up the camp fire bright !
No matter if the cañon fails,
We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brav'ly along,
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong —
To swell the Brigade's rousing song,
Of Stonewall Jackson's Way.

We see him now : the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew ;
The shrewd, dry smile ; the speech so pat —
So calm, so blunt, so true !
The Blue Light Elder knows 'em well ;
Says he, " That's Banks ; he's fond of shell,
Lord, save his soul ! we'll give him ! — Well,
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

Silence ! Ground arms ! Kneel all ! Caps off !
Old Blue Light's going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff ;
Attention ! it's his way,
Appealing from his native sod
In forma pauperis to God,
" Lay bare thine arm ! Stretch forth thy rod !
Amen ! " That's Stonewall's Way.

He's in the saddle now : Fall in !
Steady ! the whole Brigade.
Hill's at the ford, cut off ; we'll win
His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn ?
What matter if our feet are torn ?
Quick step ! — we're with him before morn,
That's Stonewall Jackson's Way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
Of morning ; and, by George !
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the lists,
Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Yankees — whipped before !
" Bay'nets and grape ! " hear Stonewall roar.
" Charge, Stuart ! Pay off Ashby's score,
In Stonewall Jackson's Way ! "

Ah, maiden ! wait, and watch, and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band.
Ah, widow ! read, with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand.
Ah, wife ! sew on, pray on, hope on,
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in Stonewall's Way.

—Round Table.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE LOYAL SOUTHERNERS' CONVENTION.

What though the loud fierce storm-wind howls ?
What though the night be dark ?
What though the lowering tempest growls
Above the wave-tossed bark ?
What though New Orleans' whirlwind,
And Memphis' iron hail,
Again, unchecked, roar round your homes —
There's no such word as fail !

For bright upon our Northern plains
There stands a glittering band,
That soon will pass fair Freedom's torch
Alight, from hand to hand.
Before its gladsome, cheerful blaze
The scowling storm shall pale ;
So courage, friends ! Bear nobly on !
There's no such word as fail !

The time is past when slavery dire
Our erring people led ;
The Copperheads are seared with fire,
The Doughfaces are dead.
A few woe-worn and trembling ghosts
At truth and justice rail :
But soon they'll vanish with their hosts —
There's no such word as fail !

No tyrant's will can curb the bold,
Free spirit of our land ;
His chain will break who seeks to bind,
His sword fall from his hand.
Our Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Shall o'er her foes prevail ;
So bravely tread your gloomy path —
There's no such word as fail !

The time is past when lips were sealed
From uttering words of truth ;
Baptized in blood, our Union dear
Again renews its youth.
Like a young giant, for the fight
All armed in plate and mail,
Young Liberty essays his might —
There's no such word as fail !

From Ellsworth's blood to Dostie's true
We've counted every drop ;
The sacrifice is nearly through,
And soon the plague will stop.
Our prayers and tears, our sin and shame
To purge will soon avail ;
Then, crowned with Victory, we'll know
There's no such word as fail !

Harpers' Weekly.

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LORD MACAULAY'S WORKS.

From the Saturday Review.

LORD MACAULAY'S WORKS.*

THERE is always something especially interesting about collective editions of the works of considerable men. Great works like Lord Macaulay's History, or even eminently popular ones like his Essays, have a place of their own, and, so to speak, throw the author himself more or less into the back-ground; but when we see a full collection of all that a great man thought it worth while to write down in the course of an industrious life, we get not only a collection of books, but something of a mental history of the man who wrote them, and this again is always a more or less valuable contribution to the intellectual history of the time in which he lived. Oddly enough, in the present collection of Lord Macaulay's works, his writings are arranged in what, chronologically speaking, may be almost called an inverted order. First comes the History, then the Essays and biographical articles contributed to the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, then the introductory report and supplementary notes to the Indian Penal Code, then a variety of juvenile contributions to Knight's *Quarterly Magazine*, then reports of Parliamentary speeches, and, lastly, a number of poems. The "Lays of Ancient Rome" occupy the place of honour amongst these, and the remainder are of very various degrees of merit, the best being the well-known lines on the Armada. The worst, we think, is the dreary production "On the Marriage of Tirzah and Ahirad," two antediluvians: —

The bravest he of all the sons of Seth,
Of all the house of Cain the loveliest she.

Tirzah was the she. It is a long story about the sons of God and the daughters of men, ending with an announcement of the Deluge which begins rather grotesquely: —

Oh thou haughty land of Nod,
Hear the sentence of thy God.

It is rather to be regretted that this and some other early and occasional performances should have been reprinted. There are several election squibs, for instance, which were never meant for permanence, and a good many of the articles in Knight's *Quarterly* might as well have been left there. They would never have been re-

published by their author. Some, indeed, of the essays which he did republish from the *Edinburgh* were hardly worth that honour. Writing in periodicals had not become so general forty years ago as it has now, but every man who has occupied himself much in such pursuits must have written many things for which his best wish would be speedy oblivion. One advantage has certainly been gained by republishing all these essays. They show how steadily their author improved till he reached the full maturity of his powers. We do not think, however, that after a comparatively early period his mind continued to expand, although of course he was continually acquiring a larger range of knowledge. His best essays, those on Olive and Warren Hastings, for instance, are as good as anything in the *History of England*, and the faults of some of the essays which please us least, such as the review of Bacon, the review of Mr. Gladstone's work on Church and State, and the review of Ranke's *History of the Popes*, are faults of which both the scheme and the execution of the History show the permanence.

One of the most remarkable of all Lord Macaulay's performances is the one which is certainly least known to the public at large. We refer to his preface to, and notes upon, the Indian Penal Code. It justifies most completely its author's well-known remarks on the strange ignorance and indifference of English people, even of those who are otherwise well informed, on Indian subjects. There is not to be found in the world any piece of legislation so complete, so practical, and so scientific, and yet there is probably none which is less known even by English lawyers who have specially studied the subject. Parliament is at this moment feebly attempting to redefine the crime of murder, and in doing so is, as far as we can judge, making the existing confusion worse confounded, and reviving obsolete fictions by the use of awkward technical language, in spite of all warnings to the contrary. In vol. vii. p. 493, of Lord Macaulay's works, there is a discussion of the principles of the law relating to offences against the body, and especially of offences which cause death, which fairly exhausts the subject. The definitions of the code founded upon this Report have for many years had the force of law in India, and have answered there admirably; yet our legislators treat this fact with calm indifference, and go on cobbling the incoherent language of Coke and Hale, as if it were something too sacred to be ever laid aside. We must not,

* The Works of Lord Macaulay, Complete. Edited by his Sister, Lady Trevelyan. 8 vols. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

however, wander into a general discussion upon the subject of criminal law. Our present object is Lord Macaulay's way of dealing with it. Of all the numerous subjects which he treated at different times, we doubt whether any one suited the peculiar bent of his genius so well as this. He never, we believe, had any considerable connection with the practice of the profession of which he was a member. Politics and literature effectually withdrew his attention from it. Yet he had some of the qualities of a lawyer, or at all events of a jurist, in an unrivalled degree. He had in perfection that peculiar systematic logical way of viewing things which is sometimes described as the special gift of the Scotch, and sometimes as the great peculiarity of the legal mind. He could affix a special sense to a given word, and go on using it perfectly consistently in that sense, and in no other, throughout the whole of a long and elaborate inquiry. His theories on all subjects are laid out with the precision of a mathematical figure. Moreover, he was never imposed upon by a word. He knew precisely the meaning of every expression that he ever used, and never did use one which did not raise before his mind a perfectly distinct and well-defined mental picture. To these qualities, which are indispensably necessary for a codifier, he added several others which, if not indispensable, are at least useful in the highest degree. His unrivalled power of illustration — a power which in some of his writings he uses to an extent which makes particular passages cumbrous and ungraceful — is essentially the quality of a lawyer. It is, indeed, nothing else than the habit of putting cases. All his writings abound with instances of the way in which he uses this gift. He deduces, for instance, in one place, from the principle of passive obedience, the unexpected result that those who held it ought to have fought against Charles II. at Worcester, and against James II. at the Boyne; and he fixes upon Mr. Gladstone's principles about the relation between Church and State consequences, as to the course of duty of the English Government in India, of which it is hard to say whether they are more remarkable for being monstrous or for being inevitable. This power was invaluable to him in the work of codification, in so far as he used it for the purpose of ascertaining, with absolute or nearly absolute precision, what his real meaning was; but competent judges have doubted whether it did not carry him a step too far when it led him to add to each of the provisions of the code

definite illustrations intended to make its meaning clear. Another admirable qualification which Lord Macaulay possessed for the task which he had to perform lay in the fact that, though he was a real lawyer, and had a pre-eminently legal mind, he was not in the least degree a slave to law. He criticized it quite as freely, and with as little respect for the special weaknesses and failings of lawyers, as if he had stood altogether outside of the subject. He was one of that almost infinitesimally small number of lawyers who take the true measure of the value of their profession, who can appreciate the great amount of practical shrewdness, vigour of mind, and general experience which it embodies, whilst they can recognize the numerous absurdities which have been imported into the system, and the fallacy of many of the theories upon which certain parts of it are founded. The result of this is that Lord Macaulay's notes upon the Indian Code possess a degree of general interest which attaches to not more than one or two other law books. They cannot be known too widely, for they not only contain information in itself valuable and interesting in the highest degree, but they show how law might be made one of the most delightful and interesting of all the branches of a liberal education, if its principles were properly investigated and exhibited with their leading applications in a philosophical shape. One of the most generally interesting of these notes to the code is the one which relates to the law of defamation. It gives the whole theory of the law of libel, and of the cases in which truth, and in which good faith independently of truth, ought to be a justification for defamatory statements, with a system, a completeness, and a power of illustration which we have never seen equalled elsewhere.

Though in some respects they may be considered as the most important of all his performances, Lord Macaulay's contributions to the criminal law of India will naturally be less known than his other writings. The code itself, like other performances of the kind, is founded principally on Bentham's speculations, but it is greatly superior to most other works of the same kind, and especially to the French *Code Penal*, in the care with which its first principles have been considered and decided on. This is a work to which all legislators are averse, and which is simply impossible in a country like our own, where all legislation has to be passed through the two Houses of Parliament, and submitted to every sort of amendment and distortion at the hands of

all sorts of people who are, for the most part, quite ignorant of the subject. We have noticed the subject rather more fully than the space which it occupies in Lord Macaulay's works would otherwise require, in the hopes of attracting to it some small part of the attention which it deserves.

Of Lord Macaulay's more popular works it is needless to say anything special. They are well known even to those who know little else. It may, however, be interesting to make a few observations on some of the more prominent of their author's doctrines upon the subjects which especially engaged his attention. It has been observed, with much truth, that Lord Macaulay's writings on all subjects, and not only his writings but also his speeches, are distinguished in almost every case by a sort of abstract air. He passed his whole life in writing upon the subjects which interest people most deeply, and yet there is hardly to be found in any part of his writings a sign of any special emotion or any strong belief in particular principles or institutions. He was by no means cold. On the contrary, he was well known to be one of the warmest-hearted and most affectionate of men, and his writings are full of patriotic and personal feeling. He was an enthusiastic Englishman. He greatly admired William III.; he cordially hated James II.; but, notwithstanding this, it would be difficult to name any writer of our own day of anything like the same mental calibre who had about him so very little of the prophet or preacher. To use the cant of a particular school, he had no gospel at all for mankind, and did not appear to feel the want of one. He had authoritative, decisive views upon all kinds of subjects. He had a very decided opinion that, on the whole, the general tendency of things was towards improvement. Yet he viewed this progress without enthusiasm, and without denunciation, and without any special emotion whatever which ever made itself manifest to his readers. He was infinitely less influential than a score of writers whom no one would think of comparing to him in point either of intellect, of learning, of power of expression, or of grasp of thought. We may take a single illustration amongst hundreds. In all the respects which we have mentioned, as indeed in most others, he was altogether superior to such a writer as Mr. Robertson of Brighton, so superior that there is a certain absurdity in admitting the possibility of a comparison; yet we greatly doubt whether the reading of Robertson's sermons has not formed an epoch in the mental his-

tory of large numbers of persons on whom Lord Macaulay's works have left no particular impression. If it be replied that Robertson was a preacher, and that as such it was his special function to work upon the emotions, it may be replied that the same observations would apply to Mr. Thackeray. *Pendennis* and *Vanity Fair* are far more influential books than Lord Macaulay's History, though the degree of knowledge, mental power, and general ability required to write them was indefinitely less. This cannot be explained by the fact that Mr. Thackeray was a novelist and Lord Macaulay an historian, for the peculiar and distinctive features of Lord Macaulay's treatment of history were precisely those which he possessed in common with novelists. What was it then which deprived Lord Macaulay of the personal influence which one would naturally have expected a man of such varied powers and resources to possess? We should be inclined to reply that he had fully as much influence as a man thoroughly penetrated with his principles ought to expect, or even to wish to exert. We will try to give some sort of sketch of those principles, and of their more important applications.

Lord Macaulay's whole view of life represents, more perfectly perhaps than that of almost any other man, what may be described as the view of a thoroughly sensible, honourable, kindly man of the world; and we are disposed to think that his writings have done as much to incline people to accept it, or at all events to see its strong side, and to regard them favourably, as those of any author of our own, or indeed of most other, times. This view is by no means so simple as it may sometimes look, and it is well deserving of explicit attention. Let us look upon it first on the negative, and then on the positive side. If examined to the bottom, it will be found to depend at last upon a determination on the part of those who hold it to acquiesce in things as they are, and to renounce the hope of making any sudden or very rapid change for the better in them. The fundamental doctrine of a man of the world is, The thing that hath been the same also shall be. People will not be much better or much worse than they actually are within any short time, or under the operation of any new or violent cause, and the recognition of this is the indispensable condition of such gradual improvements as are possible, and as are also sufficiently secure to make it worth the while of cautious persons to take the risk of trying to bring them about. This habit of mind is in one way positive, since it

recognises the possibility of changes for the better; but its negative side is much more strongly marked. It implies, on the part of a person who feels it, not only dislike to the schemes and doctrines which on different occasions have most strongly excited the passions of men, but something very like positive disbelief in them, or at all events in any marked and detailed ways of stating them. A man who takes this view will never be eager for new principles or new applications of old principles in morals, in politics, or in religion. He will be apt to be contented with what he has got already, and to be disinclined to part with it. When this theory takes the fervid poetical shape it becomes Toryism of the romantic order, and in that condition it has a great affinity to Radicalism, because the one idealizes the past as the other idealizes the future. When it is united with a cold selfish temper it becomes simple obstructive conservatism. "I am satisfied, why can't you all hold your tongues and let me alone?" When it is connected with sincere benevolence, a warm heart, and a high spirit, it produces a man like Lord Macaulay — a man who exaggerates nothing, who takes as moderate, if you please as cold and hard, a view of the world in which we live, and of the conditions on which we live in it, as the most selfish of mankind; and who, for all that, is not selfish in the least, but is, on the contrary, full of warmth, full of kindness, full of zeal for the principles in which he believes, and prepared to make great sacrifices to carry them out.

In all Lord Macaulay's writings and in all his political conduct the degree in which he was actuated by this temper is most remarkable; the more remarkable because the warmth of his disposition, and the somewhat florid character of some of his peculiar gifts, formed a contrast to the extreme caution, reserve, and general scepticism as to nostrums of all sorts, which formed the basis of his character. Thus, for instance, in all his vigorous advocacy of the Reform Bill, he never took a violent line, though he was quite a young man at the time, and carefully confined himself to arguing the question as one of immediate practical expediency. He says in so many words, in one of his speeches, that he has no general theory of politics, and does not believe in such theories at all. In his writings this temper shows itself much more powerfully than in his political conduct. It had no doubt a great deal to do with his preference for history over other pursuits for which he would appear to have been at least as well fitted by nature. No

one can read his notes on the Indian Code or the speculations which are dispersed through all his books, and especially through certain parts of his essays, without seeing that he had at least as much aptitude for argument upon moral, political and religious questions as for narration. We should be inclined to think that his final and deliberate preference for history was due in a great measure to the conviction that it is hardly possible to arrive by speculative processes at results permanently satisfactory, whereas it is possible by careful study of historical facts to come to some sort of conclusion as to the practical working on men and things of the principles which we see in operation around us under a variety of different forms. In short, it was a love for the concrete, and a distrust of abstractions, which led one of the most square-minded, logical, and systematic of men to turn aside from speculation to the task of recording and describing matters of fact.

In all his writings, however, and with all his love for the concrete, the abstract temper of mind is always present. He liked history principally because he viewed it as concrete politics. In all that he writes he is continually thinking of Whig and Tory, Protestant and Roman Catholic. With all his genius for picturesque descriptions and his boundless command of detail he enters singularly little into individual character. He will give less of a notion of William III., or Marlborough, or Charles II. in half a volume than Mr. Carlyle would in ten pages. On the other hand, there is a greater body of distinct moral and political propositions in some particular essays of Lord Macaulay's than in all Mr. Carlyle's writings put together. His history is constantly little else than gorgeous description running into discussion. Argument, debate, moral or political controversy in one form or another, was the element in which he lived, and history was valuable as supplying an unlimited number of texts for such debates, whilst it kept the debates themselves from falling into vagueness.

The general character of the doctrines which he preached through the medium of his favourite studies corresponded exactly to the principle to which we have referred as the foundation of his whole state of mind. They are, with hardly an exception, moderate, sensible, and vigorous; but, apart from the energy with which they are expressed, and the earnestness with which Lord Macaulay himself entertained them, there is little about them to create enthusiasm. That the Revolution of 1688 was a happy event;

that Charles I. was a great tyrant ; that Jews ought to be allowed to sit in Parliament ; that Mr. Gladstone wrote great nonsense about the relations between Church and State, and had no clear conception of the meaning of his own theory ; that Southey's *Colloquies* are full of fallacies ; that, on the whole, it was wise to pass the Reform Bill — these and other doctrines of the same kind, together with endless lively discussions upon particular individuals, upon Warren Hastings, Clive, Pitt, Walpole, and innumerable other persons, are what is to be got out of Lord Macaulay. It is all perfectly true, and, taken together, very instructive and important ; but there is something disappointing in the way in which the greatest problems of all are quietly passed over as being altogether insoluble, or else are discussed in a thoroughly unsatisfactory manner, although it is impossible not to feel that so powerful a writer might and ought to have thrown much light upon them. Almost every one of the essays raises this feeling. Take, for instance, the review of Mr. Gladstone's book on Church and State. When Lord Macaulay comes to give his own views of that great subject, they are very meagre, and it is difficult to avoid the reflection that the fact that they are clear, and that they admitted of being stated in a forcible epigrammatic manner, and not any real consideration of their truth, was the reason why they are stated as they stand. The whole of the theory is an amplification of one proposition — "We consider the primary end of government as a purely temporal end, the protection of the persons and property of men." It may be able incidentally to promote other good objects, such as religious instruction, and, if so, it ought to do so. Most of our readers will remember the long

string of vigorous, well-chosen, well-cut illustrations by which this principle is enforced, and by which the consequence is deduced from it that the current modern notions about toleration, the maintenance of an Established Church, and other such matters are all perfectly satisfactory. The objection to all this is that it deals in no way whatever with the real difficulties of the subject. It is a mere statement of an existing state of opinion, as if it were an ultimate indisputable truth. Why should the protection of person and property be the sole or chief end of government ? Does not the determination to treat it as such, and to organize the most important of human institutions with an exclusive view to it depend upon further views, positive or negative, as to the objects of human life ? Suppose, for instance, that it is true that the holding of particular religious opinions involves damnation or salvation after death, and suppose that governments can, as a fact, influence the religious belief of those who are subject to them, why should they neglect a matter so much more important than the protection of person and property ? Again, is the production of good and great men, of a high type of character and a high level of happiness, a proper object for governments to aim at ? The protection of person and property is, after all, only a means to an end ; and why should governments regard part of that end only ? Here we come upon the great fundamental problems of morals, politics, and theology, and Lord Macaulay has nothing to say about them. His silence on these great matters is the weak point of his literary character, just as the extraordinary vigour and massive thought which he delighted to lavish on matters of far less importance was its strong point.

CHAPTER VI.

MY LOVE IN HER ATTIRE DOOTH SHOW
HER WIT.

THE morning room at Lambswold was a grey, melancholy, sunshiny room. The light shone in through two great open windows on the grey walls and ancient possessions. A glass drop chandelier, quaint and old-fashioned, reflected it in bright prisms. A shrouded harp stood in one corner of the room. There was an old pink carpet, with a pattern of faded wreaths; a tall chimney-piece, with marble garlands, yellowed by time; and fountains and graceful ornaments. A picture was hanging over it—a picture of a lady, all blue and green shadows in a clouded world of paint, with a sort of white turban or nightcap on. She had the pretty coquettish grace which belonged to the women of her time, who still seem to be smiling archly out of their frames at their gaping descendants.

Through the window there was a sight of a lawn and a great spreading tree, where figures were busy preparing the tables, and beyond them again a sweet pastoral valley and misty morning hills.

"Ah, how pretty!" cried Catherine Butler, stepping out at once through the window.

Beamish, who had been cross coming down, and who had fancied she talked too much to Dick's new friend, Mr. Holland, followed her to give her a scolding; but Catherine met him with a smile and a great red rose she had just pulled off the trellis. And so the two made it up, and stood picking rosebuds for one another, like a Dresden shepherd and shepherdess.

"What time do we dine?" said Hervey. "I suppose this is only luncheon, Charles?"

"Humph!" said Charles, "I don't know what this is—earwigs most likely. Dick would have it out there."

"Alas! we are no longer young enough to go without our dinners, my dear brother," cried Madame de Tracy. "Do you remember?"

"I see the croquet-ground is in very good order," said Georgie, who had been standing absorbed before one of the windows, and who had not been listening to what they were saying; while Frank Holland (he was a well-known animal painter) walked straight up to the chimney and looked up at the picture.

"Isn't this a Gainsborough?" asked the young man.

"This, ladies and gentlemen," said Dick,

who began to play showman, "is the celebrated portrait of my great-aunt, Miss Paventry, the heiress. She brought Lambswold into the family, and two very ugly wine-coolers, which shall be exhibited free of any extra charge. That"—pointing to a picture between the windows—"is Richard Butler, the *first* martyr of the name. He was burned at the stake at Smithfield in Queen Mary's reign, surnamed the"—

"What a charming picture!" said Holland, who had been all this time looking at the portrait of Miss Paventry, while the children stood round staring at him in turn.

"Charming!" echoed Dick, suddenly astride on his hobby-horse; "I didn't expect this from you, Holland."

"Ta ta ta," said Charles Butler. "What have I done with the cellar key? I shall only get out my second-best sherry; it is quite good enough for any of you." And the host trotted off with a candle to a sacred inner vault, where nobody but himself ever penetrated—not even Mundy, the devoted factotum upon whose head it was always found necessary to empty the vials before anything could be considered as satisfactorily arranged.

Meanwhile Dick was careering round and round at full gallop on his favourite steed, although he was lounging back to all appearance on the sofa by Madame de Tracy. "I see no charm in a lie," he was saying, in his quiet, languid way; "and the picture is a lie from beginning to end." Holland was beginning to interrupt, but Dick went on pointing as he spoke:—"Look at that shapeless, impudent substitute for a tree; do you see the grain of the bark? Is there any attempt at drawing in those coarse blotches meant, I suppose, for ivy-leaves? Look at those plants in the foreground—do you call that a truthful rendering of fact? Where is the delicate tracery of Nature's lacework?"

"In the first place I don't quite understand what you mean by a rendering of fact," said Holland; "I can't help thinking you have cribbed that precious phrase out of a celebrated art-critic."

"The phrase isn't English," said Madame de Tracy, who always longed to rush into any discussion, whether she understood or not what it was all about.

"I hate all the jargon," said Holland, drawing himself up (a tall figure in an iron-grey suit, such as young men wear now-a-days, with a smart yellow rose in the button-hole). "Art-critic! art-history! word-painting! germ-spoiling of English. Pah! I tell you, my dear fellow, whatever you

may choose to criticise, Gainsborough looked at Nature in the right way. I tell you he'd got another sort of spectacles on his noble nose than what are worn now-a-days by your new-fangled would-be regenerators of art. If you want the sort of truth you are talking about, you had better get a microscope at once to paint with, and the stronger the instrument the more truthful you'll be. I tell you," continued Holland, more and more excited, "if you and your friends are right, then Titian and Giorgione and Tintoret are wrong."

"Hang Titian!" interrupted Dick, with quiet superiority, while his hobby-horse gave a sudden plunge and became almost unmanageable. "He was utterly false and conventional — internally clever, if you like. But we want truth — we want to go back to a more reverential treatment of Nature, and that is only to be done by patience and 'humble imitation.'

The reformer Dick was still lounging among the cushions, but his grey eyes were twinkling as they did when he was excited.

Miss George, who had been listening absorbed all this time, looked up into his face almost frightened at the speech about Titian. Mrs. Butler said, "Fie, fie, you naughty boy!" with lumbering playfulness. The sun was shining so brightly outside that the roses looked like little flames, and the grass was transfigured; the children were tumbling about in it.

Miss George should have remembered that there was youth and inexperience to palliate Richard Butler's irreverence. Youth has a right to be arrogant, or is at least an excuse for presumption, since it can't have experience; and, moreover, Dick's exaggeration had its kernel of truth amidst a vast deal of frothy pulp.

The Truth, as Dick would write it, was that he and his comrades were reformers, and like reformers they would have broken the time-honoured images of the old worship in their new-born zeal. It is healthier to try and paint a blade of grass to the utmost of your ability, than to dash in a bold background and fancy you are a Reynolds or a Gainsborough. But honest Dick will find that to imitate blades of grass and bits of fern and birds'-nests with bluish eggs, however well and skilfully, is not the end and the object of painting. And, indeed, the right treatment was already visible in his works, fighting against system and theories. What can they produce but dry pieces of mechanism?

The true painter is the man who paints

with his soul, and so finds his way to the hearts of his fellow-creatures.

"She was a most delightful person, I believe," said Mrs. Butler, gazing in her turn at Miss Paventry. "She never married."

"It is very curious," said Holland, "but don't you see a decided likeness?" and he looked from the picture to one of the persons present, and then back at the picture again.

"You mean Miss George," said Dick. "I've often noticed it; but she has got a much prettier and more becoming hat on than that affair of poor old Aunt Lydia's. I like your red feather," said he, turning to Catherine. "If I were a woman," Dick went on, still contrary and discursive, "I should like to be a green woman, or a blue woman, or a red one — I shouldn't like to be a particoloured woman. I don't know why ladies are so much afraid of wearing their own colours, and are all for semitones and mixtures. Now that feather of yours is a capital bit of colour, and gives one pleasure to look at."

"I should think the reason that most ladies prefer quiet colours," said Mrs. Butler, stiffly, "is, that they do not generally wish to make themselves conspicuous. No lady wishes to attract attention by over-fine clothes," she repeated, glancing at the obnoxious feather and rustling in all the conscious superiority of two pale mauve daughters, and garments of flowing dun-colour and sickly magenta and white.

"I do believe, my dear aunt, there are people who would like to boil down the Union Jack into a sort of neutral tint," said Dick, "and mix up the poor old buff and blue of one's youth into a nondescript green."

"Such things have certainly been tried before now," said Holland, while Butler, turning to Catherine, went on — "Don't let them put you out of conceit with your flame-colour, Miss George; it is very pretty indeed, and very becoming." He was vexed with his aunt for the rude, pointed way in which she had spoken; he saw Catherine looking shy and unhappy. But she soon brightened up, and as she blushed with pleasure to hear Dick liked her feather, its flames seemed to mount into her cheeks. In the fair apparel of youth and innocence and happiness, no wonder she looked well and charmed them all by her artless arts. There is no dress more gorgeous and dazzling than Catherine's that day. Not Solomon in all his glory, not Madame Rachel

and all her nostrums, not all the hair-pins, and eye-washes, and affectations can equal it. I cannot attempt to define how rightly or wrongly Catherine was behaving in looking so pretty and feeling so happy in Dick Butler's company, in having placed an idol upon her most secret shrine, and then fallen down and worshipped it. An idol somewhat languid and nonchalant, with mustachios, with a name, alas! by this time. Poor little worshipper! it was in secret that she brought her offerings, her turtle-dove's eggs, and flowers, and crystal drops, and sudden lights, and flickering tapers. She was a modest and silent little worshipper; she said nothing, did nothing: only to be in this Paradise with her idol there before her walking about in a black velvet suit; to be listening to his talk, and to the song of the birds, and to the scythe of the reapers; to witness such beautiful sights, gracious aspects, changing skies — it was too good almost to be true. It seemed to Catherine as if the song in her heart was pouring out, she could not contain it, and all the air seemed full of music. She wondered if the others were listening to it too. But they were busy unpacking the hampers and getting out the sherry, nor had they all of them the ears to hear.

Some gifts are dangerous to those who possess them: this one of Catherine's means much discord in life as well as great harmony; saddest silence, the endless terrors and miseries of an imaginative nature; the disappointment of capacities for happiness too great to be ever satisfied in this world.

But in the meantime, Mrs. Butler, returning from a short excursion to the hampers, could hardly believe it was her silent and subdued little governess who was standing there chattering and laughing. Her eyes were dancing and her voice thrilling, for was not Dick standing by?

Providence made a great mistake when it put hearts into girls — hearts all ready to love, and to admire, and to be grateful and happy with a word, with a nothing. And if Providence had made a still further mistake, and made dependents of the same stuff as the rest, and allowed them to forget for one instant their real station in life, Mrs. Butler was determined to supply any such deficiencies, and to remind Miss George if ever she chanced to forget. But poor little Catherine, as I have said, defied her in her brief hour of happiness. She would not remember, and, indeed, she could not prevent her cheeks from blushing and her eyes from shining more brightly than any others present. Her youth, her beauty, her

sweet abrupt girlishness asserted themselves for once, and could not be repressed. Nobody could put them out. Even when she was silent these things were speaking for her in a language no one could fail to understand. If it had been one of Mrs. Butler's own daughters, she would have looked on with gentlest maternal sympathy at so much innocent happiness; but for Miss George she had no feeling save that of uneasiness and disquiet. It was hard upon the poor mother to have to stand by and see her own well-educated, perfectly commonplace Georgie eclipsed — put out — distanced altogether by this stiff, startled, dark-eyed little creature, with the sudden bright blushes coming and going in her cheeks. Mrs. Butler could not help seeing that they all liked talking to her. Charles Butler, Holland (Mr. Holland had quite lost his heart to the pretty little governess), Dick, and Beamish even. But then Georgie did not look up all grateful and delighted if anybody noticed her, and flush up like a snow mountain at sunrise!

Of course, Catherine would have been behaving much better if she had shown far more strength of character, and never thought of anything less desirable than Augusta's French, or Lydia's History, and if she had overcome any feelings — even before she was conscious of them — except those connected with her interesting profession. But Catherine had no strength of mind. She was led by anybody and anything that came across her way. She was one of those people who are better liked by men than by women. For it is difficult sometimes for the weary and hardly-tried amazons of life to feel a perfect tolerance and sympathy with other women of weaker mould and nature. These latter are generally shielded and carried along by other strength than their own; they rest all through the heat of the day, leaving others to fight their battles and to defend them, and then when the battle is over are resting still. The strongest and fiercest of amazons would be glad to lay down her arms at times, and rest and be weak and cared for; but the help comes not for her; she must bear the burden of her strength and courage, and fight on until the night.

Mrs. Butler was one of the amazons of the many tribes of amazons that still exist in the world. They are married as well as unmarried. This woman for years and years had worked and striven and battled for her husband and children; she managed them and her husband and his affairs; she dictated, and ruled, and commanded; she

was very anxious at times, very weary, very dispirited, but she gave no sign, allowed no complaint to escape her, bore her sufferings in silence. Once, and once only, to her eldest daughter she had spoken a little half word, when things were going very wrong — when Francis's debts were most overwhelming — when Robert had got into some new scrape worse than the last — when money was not forthcoming, and everything was looking dark. "Dear mamma," Catherine Butler had said, with her tender smile, and closed her arms round the poor harassed mother's neck in a yoke that never galled.

As the day wore on, Mrs. Butler seemed to avoid little Catherine, or only to speak to her in a cold indifferent voice that made the girl wonder what she had done amiss. Now and again she started at the rude set-downs to which she was little accustomed. What did it all mean? What crime was she guilty of? She could not bring herself to think otherwise than tenderly of any one belonging to the house she had learnt to love. She meekly pursued her persecutrix with beseeching eyes. She might as well have tried to melt a glacier. To people who have taken a prejudice or a dislike, every word is misunderstood, every look offends; and Catherine's wistful glances only annoyed and worried Mrs. Butler, who did not wish to be touched. Had some malicious Puck squeezed some of the juice of Oberon's purple flower upon Catherine's scarlet feather to set them all wandering and at cross purposes all through this midsummer's day? In and out of the house, the garden, the woods, this little Helen went along with the rest, looking prettier, more pathetic, every minute. We all have a gift of second sight more or less developed, and Catherine knew something was coming now that the first burst of happiness was over. An old saw came into her head about a light heart in the morning bringing tears before night.

The luncheon did credit to Mundy and the hampers. There were no earwigs, only little soft winds to stir the cloth, cross-lights, and a gentle check-work of grey shadow upon the dresses. Charles Butler's second best wine was so good that they all laughed, and asked what his best could be. Sandy frisked about and feasted upon mayonnaise and pressed veal. Sandy had a companion, Mr. Holland's dog Peter, a self-conscious pug, with many affectations and with all the weaknesses belonging to a sensitive nature. He was nevertheless a faithful and devoted friend, tender-hearted and curly-tailed. Sandy had seen less of the

world, and sniffed about in a little rough coat without any pretensions, and was altogether of a less impressionable and artistic nature. He loved good sport, good bones, and a comfortable nap after dinner. His master was of a different calibre to Peter's, and dogs are certainly influenced by the people with whom they live. All day long Peter walked about at Holland's heels, quite regardless of Sandy's unmeaning attacks and invitations to race or to growl. Peter only shook him off, and advanced in that confidential, consequential manner which is peculiar to his race.

Luncheon had come to an end. Catherine looked up, and breathed a great breath as she looked into the keen glimmer overhead; soft little winds, scented with pine-wood and rose-trees, came and blew about. Holland and Dick had got into a new discussion over the famous Gainsborough, and the children, who thought it all very stupid, had jumped up one by one and run away to the croquet-ground. But Catherine forgot to go. There she sat on the grass, with her back against the trunk of the tree, saying nothing, looking everything, listening, and absorbed. Catherine did well to rest in this green bower for a little before starting along the dusty high-road again. People are for ever uttering warnings, and telling of the dangers, and deep precipices, and roaring torrents to be passed; but there are everywhere, thanks be to heaven, green bowers and shady places along the steepest roads. And so, too, when the tempest blows without and the rain is beating; tired, and cold, and weary, you come, perhaps, to a little road-side inn, where lights are burning and food and rest await you. The storm has not ceased; it is raging still, but a shelter interposes between you and it for a time, and you set off with new strength and new courage to face it.

Mrs. Butler, as usual, recalled Catherine to herself.

"Miss George, be so good as to see what the children are doing." And so poor Catherine was dismissed from her green bower. It was hard to have to go — to be dismissed in disgrace, as it were, with Dick standing by to see it. The children were close at hand, and not thinking of mischief.

"We don't want you, Miss George," cried Lydia, "we are four already; stand there and see me croquet Augusta." Miss George stood where she was told, but she looked beyond the point which was of all-absorbing interest to Lydia at that instant. Her sad eyes strayed to the group under the tree. There was Dick lying at full length on the

grass: he was smoking, and had hung up his red cap on a branch. Holland, in his iron grey suit, was leaning against the trunk; Catherine Butler and Beamish were side by side in the shadow. Georgie was in the sunshine, with her dress all befflecked with trembling lights and shades, while the elders sat at the table talking over bygone times. Catherine turned away: she could not bear the sight; it made her feel so forlorn and alone, to stand apart and watch all these people together.

Catherine was afraid, too, lest some one should come up and see her eyes full of tears as she stood watching the balls roll and listening to the tap of the mallets. It was all so lovely and yet so perverse. The sweetness, the roses, the sunshine, made it *hurt* more, she thought, when other things were unkind. This day's pleasure was like a false friend with a smiling face; like a beautiful sweet rose which she had picked just now, with a great sharp thorn set under the leaf. What had she done? Why did Mrs. Butler look so cold and so displeased when she spoke? Whenever she was happiest something occurred to remind and warn her that happiness was not for her. Catherine longed to be alone, but it was quite late in the afternoon before she could get away. The children were all called into the drawing-room by their sisters, and then the little governess escaped along the avenue where the rose-leaves which Beamish and Catherine had scattered were lying. She was sick at heart and disappointed. It was something more than mere vanity wounded which stung her as she realized that for some inscrutable reason it is Heaven's decree that people should not be alike, that some must be alone and some in company, some sad and some merry, that some should have the knowledge of good and others the knowledge of evil. She must not hope for roses such as Catherine's. She must not be like Georgie, even, and speak out her own mind, and make her own friends, and be her own self. It was hard to be humiliated before Dick. It was no humiliation to be a governess and to earn her own living; but to have forgotten her place, and to be sent down lower like the man in the parable — ah! it was hard.

Catherine wandered on without much caring where she went, until she found herself in a quaint, sunny nook, where all sorts of old-fashioned flowers were blowing — tiger lilies, white lilies, balsam, carnations — in a blaze against the lichen-grown walls. The colours were so bright, the place so silent, sweet, and perfumed, that Catherine,

coming into it, forgot her dull speculations. It had been a flower-garden which Miss Paventry had laid out once upon a time, and it had been kept unchanged ever since. Quaint, bright, strange, it was the almost forgotten perfume of other times that these flowers were exhaling.

Catherine stayed there a long time. She could not tear herself away. She was standing by a tall lily, with her nose in the cup, sniffing up the faint sleepy fragrance, when she heard steps upon the gravel walk, and, turning round, she saw a bright red cap, and beside it a careless figure coming along with the peculiar swinging walk she knew so well. Even after the scent of lilies conjured up the little scene.

Long afterwards Dick, too, remembered the little figure turning round with startled eyes, and looking as guilty as if it were a crime to be found smelling the lilies. Holland thought she might have been an Italian Madonna in her framework of flowers, such as the old painters loved to paint.

"Have you been hiding yourself away here all the afternoon?" said Dick. "Ain't it a charming little corner?"

The two young men waited for a few minutes, and seemed to take it for granted Catherine was coming back to the house with them.

"Do you dislike our cigars?" said Butler, seeing that she hesitated.

"Oh, no! It was —

She stopped short, blushed, and came hastily forward. What would Mrs. Butler say, she was thinking; and then she was afraid lest they should have guessed what she thought.

What would Mrs. Butler say? What did she say when she saw the three walking quietly towards the house, sauntering across the lawn, stopping, advancing again, and talking as they came.

Catherine's fate, like most people's, was settled by chance, as it were. People seem themselves to give the signal to destiny. Fall axe, strike fatal match. Catherine dropped a rose she was holding, and Dick bent down and picked it up for her, and that was the signal. No one saw the axe, but it fell at that moment, and the poor little thing's doom was fulfilled.

The ladies, tired of the noise indoors, had come out upon the terrace. The children had been dancing — a Spanish dance, they called it — for the last twenty minutes; gracefully sliding about, and waving their legs and arms to Georgie's performance on the pianoforte. The jingle of the music reached the terrace, but it was only loud

enough to give a certain zest to the mildness and quiet of the sunset. The long shadows were streaking the hills, a glow shivered, spread, and tranquilly illuminated the landscape, as the two figures on the terrace looked out at the three others advancing across the lawn.

"Miss George forgets herself strangely," said Mrs. Butler; "to-morrow shall end all this; but it is really very embarrassing to be obliged to dismiss her. I shall send her to Mrs. Martingale's, from whom I hope to get a German this time."

"Poor child!" said Madame de Tracy, compassionately; "she means no harm. I have a great mind to take her back to Ernestine. I am sure my daughter-in-law would be delighted with her, Ernestine is so fastidious."

"I really cannot advise you," said Mrs. Butler. "This is a warning to me never to engage a pretty governess again."

"She cannot help being pretty," said Madame de Tracy. "I detest ugly people," remarked this Good Samaritan. "I believe she would be a treasure to Ernestine. Those beloved children are darlings, but they speak English like little cats; their accent is deplorable, and yet their mother will not allow it. I am sure she ought to be eternally grateful to me if I take back Miss George."

"Pray take care, my dear Matilda," said Mrs. Butler. "Interference is always so undesirable. I always try to keep to my own side of the way. I really could not blame Ernestine if she should." . . .

Madame de Tracy could not endure opposition. "I do not agree with you. There is nothing so valuable as judicious interference. I know perfectly what I am about: Ernestine will be quite enchanted." Madame de Tracy was so positive that Mrs. Butler hesitated; she disliked scenes and explanations. Here was an easy way of getting rid of the poor little objection at once, without effort or trouble; she would be provided for, and Mrs. Butler was not without one single grain of kindness in her composition. Miss George had been very useful and conscientious; she had nursed Algy when he was ill. Mrs. Butler was angry with Catherine, but she did not wish her harm; she was, to a certain point, a just woman with her temper under control.

"I think it would be an excellent opportunity," said she, "if Ernestine really wishes for a governess for her children, and you are not afraid of the responsibility."

"Oh, I will answer for that," said Madame de Tracy, waving a welcome to the two

young men. "The thing is arranged. Hush-sh-sh!"

Madame de Tracy's warnings usually came after the flash, like the report of a gun. Catherine, coming along and listening a little anxiously for the first greetings, caught the words and the glance of significance. What had they been saying? what did it mean? Her quick apprehensions conjured up a hundred different solutions: reprimands in store, no more holidays, no more merry-making. The reality occurred to her as an impossibility almost. To very young people changes are so impossible. They would like to come and to go, and to see all the world; but to return always to the nest in the same old creaking branch of the tree. Catherine was frightened and uneasy. All the way home in the drag, through the grey and golden evening; in the railway, scudding through a dusky wide country, where lights shone from the farmsteads, and pools still reflected the yellow in the west, she sat silent in her corner, with little Sarah asleep beside her. Catherine sat there half happy, almost satisfied, and yet very sad, and imagining coming evils. Let them come! They only seemed to make the day which was just over shine brighter and brighter by comparison. They could not take it from her; she should remember it always. And Catherine said grace, as the children do, sitting there in her quiet corner. "Oh, I wish I was always happy," thought the girl; "I do so like being happy!" . . .

"Nothing could have gone off better," said Hervey, at the window, as they all got out at Victoria Station.

"That idiot Mundy very nearly ruined the whole thing," said Charles. "He forgot the soda-water. I had to telegraph to G—"

"Thanks so much," said Mrs. Butler, coming up. "Now, children? Has any one called a cab for them? The carriage has come for us."

"Good-night, Miss George," said Dick, under a lamp-post; and every body else said, "Good-night, good-night."

CHAPTER VII.

"À QUOI JE SONGE."

MEANWHILE Catherine's fate was settled, and Mrs. Butler came into the schoolroom next morning to announce it. A sort of feeling came over her, poor child, that it was her

death-warrant which this gracious lady in black silk robes was announcing in a particularly bland, encouraging tone of voice. What had she done? against whom had she conspired? of what treason was she guilty?

"Oh, why am I to go?" said Catherine, looking up, very pale, from her book, with round dark startled eyes.

Even Mrs. Butler's much preoccupied heart was touched by the little thing's helpless, woebegone appeal.

"You have always been quite invaluable to me, my dear Miss George, and I shall miss you excessively, but it is sincerely in your own interest that I am recommending this step to you," Mrs. Butler said, not unkindly.

"Oh, no, no," said Catherine, feebly clutching at the table-cover. "This is too far, I cannot speak French. I could not bear to be away, to leave my sisters, everybody!" And she suddenly burst out crying. "Oh, I am so silly, so sorry," she sobbed, "for of course I must leave, if you wish it."

"Pray, my dear Miss George," said Mrs. Butler, still kind, yet provoked, "do not distress yourself unnecessarily. You are really quite blind, on this occasion, to your own advantage" (and this was a thing that was almost incomprehensible to Mrs. Butler). "Forgive me for saying so, but I do think it is your duty (as it is that of every one of us) to make the best of circumstances, particularly when there is an increase of salary and an excellent opportunity for improving in French. I do seriously recommend you to think my sister-in-law's proposal well over, and to consult your friends."

And the messenger of fate hastened off to her davenport, and poor Catherine sat crying, with the tears dripping over the page.

No, no, no: she could not bear to go tossing about all alone in the world; it was too hard, too hard. What was she to do? Who could tell her what she was to do? Once a wild thought came to her of asking Dick to help her; he was kind — he would not let them send her away. Why were they driving her from their door? What had she done? — what indeed? A swift terror jarred her through beyond the other sad complex emotions that were passing in disorder through her mind. Could they think, could they imagine for one minute? The little pale face began to burn, and the eyes to flash, and her hands seemed to grow cold with horror; but no, no, it was impossible. They could not read her heart; and if they did, what was there for them to see? They were worldly, hard people; they did not know what friendship meant, how faithful it could

be, how long it could last, how much it was ready to give, how little it required. And then after a time a revulsion came, and she felt as if all she wanted was to go — to go away and hide her head from them all. If it were not for Rosy and Totty, she did not care what was to come.

She went to bed that night with a heart aching dully, and she dreamt sad dreams until the morning came; and then, as Mrs. Butler advised, Catherine thought of consulting her friends. She walked down to Kensington to Mrs. Martingale's school, where her two chief advisers were to be found, and she wrote a couple of notes, which she posted on her way — one was to Lady Farebrother, at Tunbridge Wells, who belonged to the religious community there; the other was to Mrs. Buckingham, who was staying at Brighton for her health. It was another bright summer day; dinner was over, and the schoolgirls and governesses seemed to have agreed to a truce, and to have come out together for an hour's peace and refreshment on the green overgrown garden at the back of the house. Jessamines were on the walls, and there were spreading trees, under one of which the French governess was reading a limp *Journal des Demoiselles*, smelling of hair-pins and pomatum from the drawer in which it was kept.

Miss Strumpf, the German governess (she was to leave this quarter, it was darkly whispered), was eating a small piece of cheese which she had saved from dinner, and a rotten-looking medlar she had picked up off the grass. Some of the girls were dancing a quadrille on the lawn; others were singing and aimlessly rushing about the space enclosed by the four moss-grown walls, against which jessamines, and japonicas, and Virginian creepers were growing. Rosy and Totty, and a few chosen friends, were in a group on the step of the cistern. Totty, who was a quaint and funny little girl of ten, with a red curly wig, and a great deal of imagination, was telling a story: her stories were very popular among the literary portion of the community; but her heroine came to an untimely end when the narrator heard who was upstairs.

Catherine was waiting in the great drawing-room with the many windows and the photograph books, and the fancy-work mats presented by retiring pupils, and the wax water-lily on the piece of looking-glass, a tribute from an accomplished dancing-mistress. She came to meet her sisters, looking very pale, with dark rings round her eyes.

"Cathy, Cathy, why do you look so fun-

ny?" said Totty, clutching her round the waist.

"Oh, Totty dear," said Cathy, holding the children tight to her, and trying not to cry, and to speak cheerfully. "I look funny, because I am going away from Mrs. Butler's. I don't know what to do. I want you and Rosy to tell me what you think." And then she told them her little history in her plaintive voice, holding the hands tight — tight in hers. She had dreaded so telling them, that now that it was over, she felt happier and almost relieved; it was not nearly so bad as she had feared.

"It is no use asking our aunts," said Rosy; "they will write great long letters, and be no help at all."

As for little Totty, she was so indignant with Mrs. Butler, so delighted at the promise of a whole six weeks' holiday next year to be spent alone with Catherine and Rosy in a cottage in the air, that she forgot the distance and the separation, and bore the news far more bravely than Catherine herself. Rosy, who was as tall as Catherine nearly, held her hand very tight, and did not say much. She was old for her age — a downright girl, with more courage than poor little Catherine, and a sort of elder sister feeling for her, though she was only thirteen. But some girls have the motherly element strongly developed in them from their veriest babyhood, when they nurse their dolls to sleep upon their soft little arms, and carefully put away the little broken toy, because it must be in pain. And Rosy was one of these. She was not clever, but she seemed to understand with her heart what other people felt. She took Cathy's aching head in her arms, and laid it on her shoulder, and kissed her again and again, as a mother might have done.

"My poor old darling," said Rosy, "don't be unhappy at leaving us; I'll take care of Totty, and some day I'll take care of you too."

"But where shall we go to in the holidays?" said Totty, cheering up. "Let there be donkeys, please."

Fraulein Strumpf, who was curious by nature, happened to peep in at the drawing-room door as she was passing, to see who the little girls' visitor might be. She was rather scandalized to see Rosy sitting in a big armchair, with her visitor kneeling on the floor before her, and Totty leaning with straggling legs and drooping curls over the arm. It seemed like a liberty in this grey grim drawing-room to be kneeling down on the floor, instead of sitting upright and stiff at intervals upon the high-backed chair. Even

the sunshine came in through the tall windows in subdued streaks, playing on the ancient ceiling and the worn-out carpet. The three heads were very close together, and they had settled that it was to be a farmhouse in Surrey, where they had once stayed before.

"Do you remember the little wood where we picnicked?" said Rosy, "And the farmer's cart?" cried Totty, quite happy by this time. Catherine had all the troubles of youth to bear on her poor little shoulders, but she had also its best consolation. Here she was with the other two children almost happy again at the thought of a go-cart and a baby-house, and some live toys to play with in the fields.

When she went away the colour had come back into her cheeks. Rosy and Totty were leaning over the old-fashioned tall balcony, and kissing their hands. She saw them for many a day after, and carried one more vision away with her of the quaint old square with its green garden and ancient panes and doorways, of the dear, dear little faces, smiling through their tears, and bidding her good speed.

She did not trust herself to say good-by to them again; and when Madame de Tracy went off in her cab with her maid and her tall grey boxes, little Catherine vanished too out of her accustomed corner in the schoolroom, and Fraulein Strumpf reigned in her stead. The morning's post brought Catherine two letters, which she read in the railway carriage on her way to Dover.

Mutton's Mansion, Oriental Place, Brighton.

MY DEAR CATHERINE, — Your letter was forwarded to me here from Park Crescent, which I left on Tuesday. For the last three weeks, I had been feeling far from well, and scarcely strong enough to bear the exertion of my daily drive round the Regent's Park. My appetite also had fallen off sadly, and I hardly knew what it was to enjoy a meal. My good friend and able physician, Dr. Pattie, urgently recommended me to try sea air; and notwithstanding my usual reluctance to move from home, I resolved to follow his advice. Dr. Pattie, considers that there is nothing equal to sea bathing for strengthening the nerves and the appetite; and he also has a high opinion of the merits of a fish diet, believing it to be exceedingly light and nutritive. But the difficulty here, and I believe it to be the case in all seaport towns, is to get a variety of fish. I have only twice ventured to bathe, and found it very trying; but I must say that I am daily gaining strength, and that my appetite has certainly improved, although it is not yet all that I could wish. To return to your letter. I am truly concerned to hear that anything should have occurred to unsettle your

plans, and make you think of leaving your present excellent situation ; but I am not indeed in a fit state of health to be able to offer you any advice. Thinking tells so upon my nerves, that Dr. Pattie has forbidden me to make any exertion of the sort. Your aunt Farebrother is far better able than I am to take your affairs into consideration, so you had better write to her at once, and act upon what she says ; at the same time using your own judgment in what you think best.

Ever your affectionate Aunt,
SOPHIA BUCKINGTON.

Tabor Villa, Mount Zion, Tunbridge Wells.

MY DEAREST NIECE.—Surrounded as I am by duties that to every humble Christian spirit stand first and foremost in the path of life, I have but little leisure or inclination to attend to anything belonging to this world rather than to the next. I am the last person to whom you should apply for counsel, except, indeed, in matters relating to your spiritual welfare, for I have made it a rule never to waste time or thought over the trifling cares of every-day life. My sister, Mrs. Buckingham, is better versed in worldly wisdom than I am, and I should recommend you always to ask and follow her advice in your little dilemmas ; but you must not think that I am neglectful of you, or that I am not always ready to give my poor help in those subjects which lie within my field of work and thought. Only yesterday I had an opportunity of speaking long and earnestly about you with my dear friend and pastor, Mr. Bland. He and I both agreed that should you decide upon going to France, the one essential point to be considered is whether a young and feeble mind does not run a great risk of falling into the too-tempting snares of Popery. But then again Mr. Bland said, who could tell but that you might be the humble means of bringing some of those lost sheep to light ! Surely it would be well to be provided with a few simple tracts, which you could distribute whenever you saw a fitting moment. Before you leave London, do not fail to go to the Religious Tract Society in Piccadilly, and ask for the Rev. Walpole Bland's Tracts for home and foreign use. By presenting a card of Mr. Bland's that I enclose you, you will get them at the reduced rate of half-a-crown a hundred — a small sum, indeed, for so great a treasure ! I should also be glad if you would take with you to France a little parcel of Irish point lace, for which the French ladies (always so fond of dress) would, I dare say, like to raffle thirty tickets, 12s. 6d. each, for the benefit of the Polish Protestant colporteurs.

I shall be glad to hear that you are getting on satisfactorily, and believe me,

My dear Catherine,

Yours affectionately,
P. G. FAREBROTHER.

Catherine sighed as she folded up the two letters and put them into her pocket. It

was not the first time she had corresponded with her step-mother's sisters, but she was too sad to take things philosophically and to laugh.

All the way Madame de Tracy was in high spirits ; she was delighted to get back to her children, to carry off Miss George, to have secured a pure English accent for Nanine, and Henri, and Madelaine. She sat surrounded by bags of which the contents seemed to fly from one to the other, like in some one of those conjuror's tricks. From bag to bag Madame de Tracy and Barbe, her long-suffering attendant, pursued a Bradshaw, a rouleau of sovereigns, a letter which had arrived that morning, a paper-cutter, all of which were captured and replaced in their various homes, only to be dispersed and hunted for again.

“Barbe, I have left my parasol in the cab — and my purse ! We must telegraph. I distinctly remember laying it down on the waiting-room table. Ah ! what a miso !”

“Madame, there it is in your lap,” said Barbe, calmly, “and your parasol is behind you.”

“Ah ! what an escape !” sighed Madame de Tracy. “The tickets, and more than thirty pounds, are in this purse, and I could not possibly have lost them ; I am utterly ruined, I have bought so many things in London. Miss George, I see your book wants cutting ; give it to me, I adore cutting open books. I envy you, you look so calm, you have none of these troublesome concerns to attend to — but some one must do it. Barbe, where is the paper-cutter ?”

They had started late in the afternoon, and were to sleep at Calais, and to go on to Tracy the next day. They crossed on a still night with a waning moon. Many and many a sad, confused thought must have come to the little traveller by the light of the creaking lamp in the cabin. Faces, pictures, all the events of the last few weeks, were dancing about in the darkness, voices were sounding, the children's faces were looking at her out of dark corners. The lamp swung on its hinges, the vessel throbbed and shook, Catherine felt as if she was, indeed, a waif upon a great sea tossed hither and thither by wayward winds. How oddly distinct the voices and images fell upon her brain ; Kitty, Cathy, she seemed to hear her little sisters calling her through the moans of the sea, by all the names they liked to give her ; and another voice sounded in her foolish little ears, and her last few words with Dick seemed to be repeated to her by all the rolling waves.

She had only seen him once after that

day at Lambswold. Catherine thought it was a cruel fate which prevented their meeting. It was more likely a sensible precaution. Doors, stairs, conventionalisms, had been piled in a great heap between them, and there is nothing so hard to pass as these simple impediments. The stairs are carpeted and easy to climb, the doors are on the latch, with nice china handles to open them, there is nothing to prevent, and yet prison bars have been burst open, burning deserts crossed, icy passes and steep mountains scaled and surmounted more easily than these simple obstacles.

There was a train to Paris, Madame de Tracy heard on landing, and she determined to go on. Catherine cared not. The night seemed to her like a sort of summary or epilogue to the little slice of a life which had belonged to her hitherto. She sat watching the black ghosts of trees, and walls, and wayside inns, flying past the windows, the single lights here and there in the dark plain, and listening to the voices at the little stations, sounding melancholy and sudden as voices always do in the dark. Her protectress peacefully dreamt through the long hours that Catherine watched and wondered. What would the day be like that had not yet dawned, the new world which awaited her? thought the girl, with her wide open shining eyes. Catherine George somehow expected that the sun would never rise, that the land would be always dark, and strange, and desolate to her; that she would find herself utterly alone, and wandering here and there in the gloom. . . .

She forgot in how great a measure one's future is made up of one's past — how we see and understand things by all those which have preceded them — how it is yesterday which makes to-morrow. The future is never so strange as we picture it to ourselves. A hundred golden threads bind us to it already. It is all one's whole past life which claims the future and draws it into itself. The lesson given long, long ago by the love which foresaw, teaches in after-years when the occasion has come. One thing recalls another, as one thing forebodes another, and sometimes the two together make a full chord of happiness, or may be, of sadness, so grateful and so sweet, that it seems as if it must be happiness.

At any rate, when the next day came, Catherine found that instead of creeping slowly along, all grey and black, and dark and terrible, the future had come for her with a cheery clatter, and crack of whips, and blowing of horns, friendly faces looking

out, a barking of dogs, some one to help her up the steps, as with cheerful confusion and noise and jingle, they start through the bright light streets and cross the fertile plains of Normandy.

They had all finished dinner at Tracy, and were sitting about in the great drawing-room. The muffled piano stood in the middle of the room; the lamps were placed here and there; the polished floors were only covered by little square carpets, sprinkled sparsely about. Two rows of pink-striped chairs stood in lines from the fireplace, over which the Tracys had erected a tall and elaborately-carved chimney-piece. The furniture of the castle corresponded in date to the mahogany reign of terror in England, but in France at that period all was harmony and fitness, and you need dread no four-post beds at Tracy, no fierce side-boards, no glowering washstands and looming wardrobes.

The old clock over the chimney was ticking nine o'clock, the windows were open upon a sea of moonlight in the garden. There were glasses and bottles upon a side-table, where Marthe de Coëtlogon, Ernestine's sister, was playing dominoes with the curé, who had been asked to dinner. Monsieur de Tracy and Monsieur Fontaine, who had also had the honour of being invited, were smoking in the moonlit alleys of the garden.

Mademoiselle de Coëtlogon had a sweet placid face, over which a smile would break now and then, not very often. She sat there in her long white dress, with her soft hair tied up simply with a blue ribbon, and the light of the lamp falling upon her face and the old curé's bald head. It seemed incongruous, somehow, that she should be playing dominoes, with that Madonna-like head — still and tender at once. She had been vowed to the Virgin by her father from the day she was born. Her life had been saved by a miracle, it was said, and Marthe grew up strong and well, but never like other people. She had a vocation from her earliest youth; never changed her mind or faltered for one minute. She was four-and-twenty now. In a year she would be of an age, according to the French law, to decide for herself. No one could influence her: not Jean, who could not bear the subject named before him; not her mother, a widow, who, wistful, half-timid, half-angry, scolded, entreated, cried, and implored and forbade in vain. Ernestine, her sister, was the only one of them who did not really object; on the contrary, such devotion seemed to reflect a certain credit on the

family. But all the same Madame de Tracy, at her mother's desire, did her best to distract her sister from her intentions, by taking Marthe all one year into the world. Madame de Coïtlogen, too, accompanied her daughter. *Toilettes, partis, music, gaieties* of every description, poor Marthe endured in patience; but all these well-meant distractions had a very different effect to that which the poor mother hoped and longed for.

It seems strange to us commonplace, common-sense Protestant people, in these days of commonplace and common sense, living in the rough and ready world of iron, of progress, of matter-of-fact, to hear of passionate revival and romance and abstract speculation, to be told of the different experiences of living beings now existing together. While the still women go gliding along their convent passages to the sound of the prayer-bells, with their long veils hanging between them and the coarse, hard world of every day, the vulgar, careworn toilers, the charwomen and factory hands of life are at their unceasing toil, amid squalor and grime and oaths and cruel denseness; the hard-worked mothers of sickly children are slaving, day after day, in common lodgings-houses, feeding on hard fare, scraps and ends from the butchers' shops, or refuse and broken victuals from some rich neighbour's kitchen; while others, again, warmed and fed in the body, weary and starving mentally, are struggling through passionate sorrow and privation.

Are work and suffering the litanies of some lives, one wonders? are patience and pain and humiliation, the fasts and the penances of others? No veils hang between the hard, brazen faces and the world; no convent bars enclose them other than the starting, ill-built brick walls of their shabby homes and lodging-places. But who shall say that the struggles, the pangs, prayers, outcries of all these women, differently expressed and experienced though they are, do not go up together in one common utterance to that place where there is pity for the sorrowful and compassion for the weary?

Dick Butler, who had a tender heart himself, said one day, smoking his pipe, to some one who had cried out that she could not understand how the good God who made the little ones so pretty and so touching could bear to hear them weep for pain, — "People seem to think themselves in some ways superior to Heaven itself when they complain of the sorrow and want round about them. And yet it is not the Devil for certain who puts pity into their hearts."

It is vain to try to answer such questions, but it is difficult not to wonder and speculate, as every day one sees stranger and subtler contrasts and forms of life. There is the good mother of the family — useful, busy, happy, bright-eyed and light-hearted, approaching her home, of which the shimmer seems to cheer and warm her as she sees it gleaming from a distance. There is the forlorn little traveller from Jerusalem, whose wounds have been bound up with wine and oil, coming in her charge to the inn.

On the sofa, like a little lady out of Watteau, eating bonbons, sits young Madame de Tracy, occasionally smiling at the good old cure's compliments. She is a graceful young woman, with bright blue eyes, with a plaintive expression; and as she really has everything in the world she wishes for, no wonder she is dissatisfied. Her life lies before her quite smooth, flat, uninteresting, all sunshine, and not a bit of shade anywhere, except what she can make for herself by raising an occasional storm, and, fortunately, her temper is easily upset.

Ernestine dressed charmingly, in white and lilac and pink; she left blue ribbons to Marthe. She was very graceful in all her movements, even when she was angry. Her husband was a plain, goodnatured-looking man, with a ribbon in his button-hole, and a hooked eyeglass. He was very rich, and gave her everything she liked, and attended very patiently to all her reproaches. Ernestine liked him, and was proud of his abilities and indignant at his want of ambition. She was very proud also of her blue eyes, which she inherited from her mother; and as she did not bury her talents in a napkin, they were very much admired in the world at Paris, where she had an apartment, all full of great vases and cabinets, in which she spent her winters. In the spring and the summer she came down to her mother-in-law's house.

Madame Jean de Tracy was just popping a chocolate bonbon into her mouth when her husband and M. Fontaine came in from the garden.

"Madame, we have just seen a carriage turn into the long avenue," said M. Fontaine, hastening to tell the news; "we suppose that it may be madame votre belle-mère returning."

"It is certain to be her," cried Ernestine; "she told us not to expect her; and it is so late too."

"It is no use going to meet her, she will be here directly," said Jean, walking to the door in his deliberate way.

Almost directly there was a sound of

voices, of exclamations — the cook, the val-
et-de-chambre, Sidonie, Madame Jean's
maid, appeared to announce the safe arrival
of the travellers. A couple of dogs came in
barking — even the children's *bonne* came
rushing down from upstairs; the game of
dominoes was interrupted; Jean embraced
his mother very affectionately as she entered
the room; Fontaine hovered about, deeply
interested in the meeting, and hastened to re-
lieve Madame de Tracy of her parasol; parcels
were wildly handed about like buckets at a
conflagration; then came more embraces,
explanations, and exclamations. "You never
came to meet me. I forgot to post my letter.
Casimir brought us up in his little carriage."
"Unfortunately we have dined. There is
sure to be something. Bon jour, Barbe, here
you are returned from England!" "We
nearly did not get home at all; old Chrétien
ran his cart up against us. He was quite
tipsy. Oh, I am sure of it. Give us something
to eat, for I am famished." All this in a cres-
cendo, which was brought to a climax by a
sudden shriek from Madame Jean.

"Who is that in the window?" she cried,
pointing. "Look, there is somebody;" and
she seized her husband's arm.

"I am really too forgetful. Come here,
my dear child," cried Madame de Tracy.
"Here is my dear young friend, Miss George,
Ernestine; I have persuaded her to come
back with me."

At this incantation the little apparition
who had been standing clasping her great
warm shawl, and childishly absorbed in the
scene, wondering who each person could be,
advanced blushing, with ruffled hair, and
trailing her long draperies. She looked up
into their faces with that confiding way she
had. Madame Jean made her a little incli-
nation; Jean came up and goodnaturedly
shook hands, *d'Anglaise*; Monsieur Fon-
taine, parasol in hand, bowed profoundly.
Tired as she was, hungry, preoccupied by
her return home, an idea flashed through
Madame de Tracy's fertile mind at that
instant, which, alas! unlike many of her
ideas, she was destined to put into execu-
tion.

"Monsieur Fontaine, our excellent
maire," said she, going on with her intro-
ductions; "Mademoiselle de Coëtlogon, M.
l'Abbé Verdier. Ernestine, we will give Miss
George the yellow room, and some supper.
My dear child, I am dying of hunger. I
have eaten nothing but little tartlets all
day."

The tartlets, the château, the moonlight,
the ladies, the whole journey, seemed to come
out of the *Arabian Nights*, Catherine thought,

only the abbé did not belong to them. The
quiet little old man, sitting in the corner,
caused a thrill to this stern Protestant of
which he was happily unconscious.

Catherine and her protectress supped in
the great dining-room — a long and lofty
room, with a fine ceiling, and many tall
windows, barred and shuttered. The one
lamp only lighted the table, where cold
meat and cream cheese, and a melon and
grapes, were spread. Jean accompanied
them, and so did Ernestine, who flung a
pretty white hood over her head, and sat
watching them at their meal.

"And your grandmother, how is she?"
asked Madame de Tracy of her son.

"She is as usual," said Jean; "she has
heard of your return, and Baptiste has just
come down to ask for a little supper for her
from your table. Miss George, you do not
eat. You must get a good appetite at
Tracy. I hope you are going to stay with
us for some time."

Again Catherine blushed up, and looked
from her host to the little lady with the
bright eyes, "I thought — I hoped," she
stammered —

"We have got her safe," interrupted Ma-
dame de Tracy, flurriedly, carving away at
a cold chicken. "We are not going to
part from her." Poor lady, her courage
was failing her somewhat. She did not like
the looks Madame Jean was casting at her
little *protégée*. She made haste to send
Catherine to bed as soon as she had done
her supper. Baptiste, with a candle, and
Barbe, were both deputed to show Miss
George the way up the broad stone stairs,
with curiously-scrolled iron railings, along a
great stone passage, dark with shadows, and
with windows at intervals looking on the
moonlit courtyard. Their footsteps echoed,
and their moon-shadows flitted along with
them. Catherine looked out once, and saw
a figure crossing the court. The iron gates
opened to let it out, and she recognized the
tall dark gentleman they had called Monsieur
Fontaine. "I imagined he was Monsieur
de Tracy when I first came in," Cath-
erine thought. "They were both very
kind."

"What is that distant noise?" she asked
Barbe, as she followed her up more stairs
and passages.

"That is the sound of the sea, mademoi-
selle," said Barbe. "We hear it very well
from here when the wind blows in this
direction."

Catherine dreamt of the sea that night, of
her journey, of the abbé and Monsieur Fon-
taine, of Beamish, playing his marches and

sonatas in Dick's studio. She dreamt that she heard the music even, and then, somehow, she herself was playing, and they were all listening to her; but the notes would not strike, in vain she tried, she could bring forth no sound; and the sea came nearer and nearer all the time, and the waves flowed in tune. It was a horrible dream, though when she awoke there was nothing much in it.

CHAPTER VIII.

REINE.

THE tide which sways between the two great shores of England and of France sometimes beats against our chalk cliffs, which spread in long low lines gleaming tranquilly in the sun, while the great wave-armies roll up with thundering might to attack them; sometimes it rushes over the vast sand-plains and sand-hills, the dunes and the marshes of France, spreading and spreading until its fury of approach is spent, and then perhaps, as the sun begins to set, and the sky to clear, suddenly the water stills and brightens, and the fishing-boats puts out to sea with the retiring tide. Some people living on the shores listen to the distant moan of the waters as they roll and roll away;—some are so used by long custom that they scarcely heed the sad echoing. But others are never accustomed. One woman has told me that for years after she first came to live in her husband's house by the sea, the consciousness of its moan never left her. She never could grow used to it. It haunted her in her sleep, in her talk, in her daily occupations. She thought at one time she should go mad if the sound did not cease; it would die away into the distance, and then come rolling nearer and louder, with passionate sobs and sudden moans, and the wild startling discordant cries of the water-birds. She had a foolish superstition that she should be happy when she ceased to hear the moan of the sea.

What is this strange voice of Nature that says with one utterance so many unlike things? Is it that we only hear the voice of our own hearts in the sound of the waves, in the sad cries of birds as they fly, of animals, the shivering of trees, the creaking and starting of the daily familiar things all about their homes?

This echo of the sea which to some was a complaint and a reproach, was to Reine Chretien like the voice of a friend and teacher—of a religion almost. There are

images so natural and simple that they become more than mere images and symbols; and to her, when she looked at the gleaming immensity, it was almost actually and in truth to her the great sea, upon the shores of which we say we are as children playing with the pebbles. It was her formula. Her prayers went out unconsciously towards the horizon, as some pray looking towards heaven, in the words which their fathers have used; and some pray by the pains they suffer; and some by the love which is in them; and some, again, without many words, pray in their lives and their daily work, but do not often put into actual phrases and periphrases the story of their labours and weariness and effort. The other children on the shore are sometimes at variance with these latter in their play; for while they are all heaping up their stores of pebbles, and stones, and shells, and building strange fantastic piles, and drawing intricate figures upon the sand, and busily digging foundations which the morning tides come and sweep away, suddenly they seem to grow angry, and they wrathfully pick up the pebbles and fling them at one another, wounding, and cutting, and bruising with the sharp edges.

How long ago is it since the children at their play were striking the flints together to make fires to burn the impious ones who dared to point to the advancing tides and say, See, they come to wash away your boundaries. The advancing tides, thanks be to God, have in their turn put out those cruel fires; but sharp stones still go flying through the air, and handfuls of sand, and pebbles, and long straggling bunches of seaweed that do no great harm, perhaps, but which sting and draggle where they fall.

Reine, on her sea-shore, picked up her stones with the rest of us, and carefully treasured the relics which she inherited from her mother, the good Catholic, since whose death her life would have been a sad one if it had not been so full of small concerns of unintermitting work. She, too, like the other woman of whom I have been writing, heard the sound of the sea as she went about her daily occupations, but to Reine it seemed like the supplement and encouragement of her lonely life. She listened to it as she went her rounds from the great kitchen to the outer boundaries of the farm, across the orchards and fields to the garden a mile off where her beans were growing, or sometimes sitting, resting by the blazing hearth, where the wood was heaped and the dry colza grass flaring. Reine's religion was that in which she

had been brought up from a child. Her mother professed the same faith as the Marions, and the Sabeaus, and the Picards of the place. She had used the same words and outward signs as her husband until his death — as old Pierre Chrétien, the grandfather — but their sense was not the same. The old grandfather in his blouse rather avoided contemplating the future. He had a pretty clear idea of a place not unlike the chapel of the Delivrande, only larger, with statuettes at intervals, and Monsieur le Curé triumphant. It was more comfortable, on the whole, to retire to the kitchen of the Golden Sun, where Pélottier dispensed cider and good wine at two pence a bottle, and from whence Pierre's granddaughter, with angry, dogged eyes, had fetched him away on more than one occasion: a terrible apparition in her beauty and her indignation. The children themselves would fly before her on such occasions, and they were generally her best friends.

Reine was one of those people whose inner life works upon their outer life, and battles with it. She had inherited her mother's emotional nature, and her father's strong and vigorous constitution. She was strong where her mother had been weak. She had thoughts and intuitions undreamt of by those among whom she lived. But things went crossways with her, and she suffered from it. She was hard and rough at times, and had not that gentleness and openness which belong to education and culture. Beyond the horizon dawned for her the kingdom of saints and martyrs, for which her mother before her had longed as each weary day went by: the kingdom where, for the poor woman, the star-crowned Queen of Heaven reigned with pitiful eyes. Reine did not want pity or compassion as yet. She was a woman with love in her heart, but she was not tender, as some are, nor long-suffering; she was not unselfish, as others who abnegate and submit until nothing remains but a soulless body, a cataleptic subject mesmerized by a stronger will. She was not humble, easily entreated, unsuspicuous of evil. The devil and his angels had sown tares enough in her heart to spring up in the good soil, thick and rank and abundant; only it was good soil in which they were growing, and in which the grain of mustard-seed would spring up too, and become a great tree in time, with wide-spreading branches, although the thick weeds and poisonous grasses were tangling in a wilderness at its root.

Reine on her knees, under the great arch

of Bayeux Cathedral, with the triumphant strains of the anthem resounding in her ears, would have seemed to some a not unworthy type of the Peasant Girl of Domremy, in Lorraine. As the music rung higher and shriller, the vibrations of the organ filled the crowded edifice. Priests stood at the high altar celebrating their mysteries; the incense was rising in streams from the censers; people's heads went bending lower and lower; to Reine a glory seemed to fill the place like the glory of the pink cloud in the Temple, and the heavens of her heart were unfolded. The saints and visions of her dim imaginations had no high commands for their votary; they did not bid her deliver her country, but sent her home to her plodding ways and her daily task, moved, disturbed, with a gentler fire in her eye, and with the soft chord in her voice stirred and harmonizing its harsher tone.

Reine's voice was a peculiar one, and must have struck any one hearing it for the first time. It rung odd, sudden, harmonious, with a sort of jar in it, or chord. Voices of this quality are capable of infinite modulation. Sometimes they soften into gay, yet melancholy music, like Mozart's, of which they always remind me; sometimes they harden into the roughest and iciest of discordant accents.

She liked going back by herself, after the service was over, quietly across the plain. She was strong, and the three miles to Tracy, skirting the road and the corn-fields, were no fatigue to her, especially in the summer when the corn was waving gold, and the blue bright flowers and the poppies blazed among the tall yellow stalks. Sometimes Reine would ride back on her donkey. This was when she stopped at a low long house with windows opening on the street at the entrance of the town, at the door of which she would find poor Annette waiting patiently, tied to a ring in the wall.

On these occasions Reine would go to the window and call out in her kindest voice: — "Eh bien, Madame Marteau, am I to have Josette to-day to come and play with the little chickens?"

Josette was Reine's goddaughter, who had been christened Josephine Marie Reine des Cieux, after her "marraine." She was a tiny little girl, with two round eyes and a little tight black cap tied under her chin, and a little black stuff pinafore and trowsers to match. Reine was fond of the child, and charming with her. She was one of those people who are like angels when they pro-

tect and take care of others, and who are hard, ungrateful, suspicious, unjust, to those to whom they are obliged to look up.

On this particular Sunday, while the luncheon trays were steaming into the dining-room in Eaton Square, with Dick driving up to the door in a hansom, and Mr. Butler still rustling the *Observer* in his study, while Beamish and Catherine were slowly walking home from church, and little Catherine, who had preceded them, was standing all by herself in the schoolroom, vacantly plaiting and unplaiting the tassel of the blind, and pulling the ragged ends, and thinking of the future looming darkly, — it was her last day in the dismal little bastile; and now that the end was come, she looked back with a child's passion of persistence and longing to the threads and straws with which she had beguiled her time; — while all this was going on in one small corner of the world, in another, Reine was pulling out her strong arms, and lifting little Josette on to the donkey's back.

Josette's mother — a careworn woman in shabby clothes — was standing in the sun, shading her dimmed eyes, — the light dazzled poor Madame Marteau. Her life was spent in a sort of twilight gloom, nursing the bed-ridden husband whose voice even now might be heard muttering and calling from an inner room. The poor woman looked on with a glimpse of pleasure in her sad face, grateful to Reine for carrying off the little maiden into a wholesome bright atmosphere, where there were flowers growing, and little chickens running about, and a little boy to play with sometimes, to a place where Josette expanded with delight in all the glory of childhood, instead of being dwarfed into a precocious little woman by Père Marteau's railings and scoldings.

"Well, Josette, what does one say?" said Madame Marteau.

"Bo zour, marraine," lisped Josette, hanging her head, and pretending to be shy.

"Josette is coming home with me," said Reine, "to see Belette and Miné, and to ask Petitpère to give her some Briöche," to all of which propositions Josette nodded her head. And then she said something which sounded like J'allonsvoirletoto.

"They begin soon enough," said Madame Marteau, shrugging her weary shoulders. "She is always talking about le petit Toto. M. Fontaine must take care." . . .

Here, like a distant roll of musketry, came a volley of r-r-r's from the inner room. Reine frowned and turned away. Madame Marteau hastily nodded good-by, and passed

in, disappearing into the gloom, while Reine and little Josette rode on together through the sunlit fields.

Josette had her wish, and Toto was allowed to come and spend the day with her. Toto's grandmother savoured Mademoiselle Chrétien, and never denied her requests. The two children dined with Reine and her father in the great dark farm-kitchen. They had soup with bread in it, and cider and stewed beef and cabbage, and as much galette as they could eat. Reine took care of them and old Chrétien; she poured out the cider, and went away herself to fetch a particular dish of eggs which her grandfather liked. Dominique dined with them too. The great dog came marching in through the open door; the cocks and hens came and peeped at them. Outside it was all sunny and still; inside there was galette and two pretty little plates and tumblers for the children to use, and all Reine's treasures, brooches and rosaries and reliquaries, for them to play with after dinner, and Reine herself bustling about with her gold earrings bobbing as she bent over the table. But she was silent, although she attended to them all, and she looked at the door once and sighed.

Old Chrétien joked her, and asked Dominique what was the matter. Reine answered short and quick. For one thing the thought of that poor woman's wretchedness oppressed her. "I name no names because of the children," she said, "but it seems to me it must be like a hell upon earth to be chained to wild beasts, as some women are."

"And that is why she don't marry," said old Chrétien to Dominique, filling his glass. "Well, we all please ourselves! I have seen more than one ill-assorted couple in my time. . . . Here in this very room."

Reine flushed up. "Now, children, make haste," she said in her harsh quick voice. "Dominique! you will be here. I shall come back in an hour. Petitpère, here is your pipe already lighted." And then taking one child by each hand, she dragged them away across the great deserted-looking court, and out at the arched gateway into the road, and into a tall hayfield which skirted it. Paris, the great dog, came too, and Reine pulled a book out of her pocket and sank down in the hay, while the two little things, hand in hand, swam and struggled through the tall grasses. Their heads only overtopped the hay by a very little. Toto made way and valiantly knocked down a marguerite which stood in Josette's way, and chased away a bluebottle which fright-

ened her with its noises. Josette laughed and capered and danced on her little stout boots.

"Oh, the waves, the waves," cried Toto, as a soft wind came blowing from afar, bending the tall grass and the flower-heads, and shaking a few apples off the branches of the tree where Reine was sitting. "Come and fish for the apples," said she, smiling, as the two little creatures came tumbling and pushing through the deep sea of hay.

Monsieur de Tracy from the château happened to be passing along the high-road at that instant, and he, too, smiled good-naturedly and took off his hat.

"Bon jour, Mademoiselle Chrétien," he said. "Are you not afraid of spoiling your hay?"

Reine scarcely acknowledged his greeting; she looked fierce and defiant, and gave a little stiff nod, and went on reading a book.

"Is not that M. Fontaine's little boy?" said Jean, stopping and looking at the trio among the sweet dry grasses and flowers. The children were peeping at him bright-eyed and interested from a safe distance. Reine never lifted her eyes off her book: "Marie, qui avez mené une vie simple et laborieuse, priez pour moi afin que j'apprenne à me contenter de peu de chose et à travailler selon les devoirs de ma condition," she was murmuring to herself, and she did not cease her pious exercise until M. de Tracy had walked on.

"I wonder why that girl always behaves so strangely?" thought Jean, as he walked away. "Can my mother have vexed her in any way? I must ask my wife."

Madame Jean held up her pretty little hands at the question.

"Mon ami, it is not I who would like to answer for what your mother may or may not have said," laughed she.

But Madame de Tracy had said nothing, and indeed she was a favourite with the people all about. They laughed at her flightiness and expansiveness, mistrusted her promise, but they could not help liking her. Reine took to her more kindly than to the rest of the family; all her worst self would come up when she was brought in contact with these people, who came stepping down from their superior grandeur to be intrusively civil to those who did not want them. "What does he mean by his Mademoiselle Chrétiens, and eyeglasses, and politeness?" thought the foolish girl. "I know well enough at what rate he holds us, and I try to tell him so in my way."

Reine was not a bad girl, but the sight of all this prosperity turned her sour. "How do you do? Take care of your hay!"—Madame Jean's maddening little nod as she trips in her Paris toilette, and Mademoiselle Marthe's great blue eyes—it all offends me," said Reine, cutting the matter short.

This was the class to which her mother belonged. These were the men and the women who had cast her off, never forgiven her—forgotten her utterly. These were the people who would do the same to-morrow again; who would insult her and scorn her, as they had scorned her mother before her, for all her beauty, and good blood, and wealth, if—if she were not firm to a certain resolve she had made. No, she would never marry, never, never. Not if he came back again and again to ask her. Reine had an instinct about the person of whom she was thinking. She believed that no one whom she loved could help loving her; but she was proud at the same time. She knew her own worth, and a poor struggling painter, with all his education, did not seem to her any very brilliant match for an heiress like herself with the blood of the D'Argouges in her veins, and the farms at Tracy, at Petitport, the oyster-parks at Courseulles, the houses at Bayeux, for her dower. "Venez, mes enfants," said Reine, shutting up her prayer-book when the hour was over, and leading them back by the way she had come under the archway across the great court, where Paris was lying stretched out like a lion in the sun, and where Reine looked to find her grandfather on the bench where he was accustomed to smoke his afternoon pipe. There was only Dominique on the bench stretched out on his back at full length.

Reine went up and shook him angrily. "Dominique, are you not ashamed to sleep like a sluggard? Where is Petitpère?"

Dominique sat up and rubbed his eyes. "He is asleep in the kitchen," said he, hazarding the statement.

"Ah," cried Reine, taking one step forward and looking through the barred window, "he is not in the kitchen. You know as well as I do where he is gone."

While Dominique and the children were having a game in front of the farm-gates, which made the old place echo with Toto's screams of laughter, Reine was marching down the little village street, tall, erect, with her terrible face on. Poor Reine! poor Petitpère! He was discoursing very happily and incoherently in one of the little bowers at the back of the Golden

24 STUART MILL AGAIN; OR, THE EXAMINER EXAMINED.

Sun. A very little of M. Pérottier's cider was enough to change the aspect of things for poor old Chrétien. He was treating everybody, and offering his granddaughter in marriage to another old gentleman in a blouse, sitting at the same little table.

"Je te l'accorde," said père Chrétien, "avec ses cent cinquante mille livres de rente. Mon ami Barbeau, elle est à toi."

"Merci bien, mon ami," said Barbeau, thumping the little wooden table.

"Et Madame Barbeau, what will she think of the arrangement?" said a country-woman, who was sitting at the next table, looking round grinning.

Barbeau looked puzzled. "Ma femme?" said he. "Le père Chrétien se charge de tout. Buvons à sa santé!"

It was at this instant that the bottle was suddenly wrenched out of poor old Chrétien's trembling hand, and that Reine, pale and with black eyes gleaming, took him by the arm in her unflinching gripe.

"Come," she said, with a glance of indignation at the people who were grinning all round about under Pérottier's little vine bower, and she walked away back towards Tracy with her prisoner. Old Chrétien shambled beside her in silence; he knew her too well to attempt to make conversation under the circumstances. Only once a sort of groan escaped her. As they were turning the corner by the church, again she came upon the whole community of Tracys, — Jean and his wife, and his wife's brother and sister, and the three children running on ahead.

Old Chrétien attempted a low, uncertain

bow. Reine thought she saw them smile. She gave one fierce glance and walked on: her heart was beating with indignation, with pride and passionate shame. They scorned her and her grandfather. Their glances, their laughter maddened her. There she was, condemned for life to live with a few tipsy men and vulgar dull women, who saw no shame in their husbands' degradation. There were those people born into an atmosphere of light and refinement. What had they done, what had she done, to deserve such happiness, such misery? Why was she not like the rest of her class? Poor grandfather — poor old man, he was only what he had been taught to be from his earliest youth: his servile bow to the grandes from the castle, what was that but a part and parcel of the rest? She turned to him with a sudden tender impulse of pity and protection, and yet all the time a fierce impatience and anger were tearing at the woman's heart; as she walked along the dusty road, she stamped her foot in the dust once.

"Comme elle est en colère, cette Reine," whispered Marion Lefebvre, who saw them pass. "Le pauvre père Chrétien, she leads him a rude life."

Poor Reine, she was wrong to be angry, to be impatient, to wish for the things which only time and silent progress can bring about. Like many another before her, she was a little in advance of her days, and of the people among whom she lived. And the price people are condemned to pay for being somewhat ahead of their neighbours, is a heavy one.

STUART MILL AGAIN; OR, THE EXAMINER EXAMINED.

WHEN a man is beslobbered by high and by low,
In our Senates and Schools deemed a Light
of the age;
When his censures on all he aspires to bestow,
And the multitude hails him a Statesman and

Sage, —

Before we just venture
To own such a Mentor,
Let us see if he's fit this position to fill;
Let us canvas his labours,
As he does his neighbours,
And examine the claims of the Great Stuart
Mill.

His System by some very shallow is reckoned;
Three facts, or three fallacies, fill up his cast:
SENSATION comes first, RECOLLECTION is
second,
And then EXPECTATION, the third and the
last.

We feel something present
That's painful or pleasant —
We repeat or recall it by Memory's skill:
What happened before, sir,
We look for once more, sir,
And that's the whole Soul of the Great
Stuart Mill.

At a glimpse of things real we never arrive,
Nor at any fixed Truth that we try to ex-
plore:

In some different world *two* and *two* may make *five*,

Though appearances here seem to say they make *four*.

Our mental formation

Has small operation;

The mind, if we have one, is passive and still :

We are ruled by our Senses,

Through all our three tenses,

Past, present, and future, says great Stuart Mill.

What we never have witnessed, we cannot conceive ;

What we cannot conceive must a nullity be :

In a God or a Devil can any believe,

When the one or the other they don't feel or see ?

A future existence

Had best keep its distance,

Till there's ocular proof that the thing's a true bill :

Any childish emotion

Of Faith and Devotion,

Is fully explained by the great Stuart Mill.

Three different stages of changing opinion

Are travelled by men in this planet of ours :

In the first, Superstition exerts its dominion ;

In the next, metaphysical Forces and Powers :

When these two are past, sir,

Comte's Positive Laws every purpose fulfil :

But about the Great CAUSE, sir,

That founded those Laws, sir,

There's nothing in Comte, and as little in Mill.

Yet without any God a Religion may be,
Which in priesthood and power with its rivals
may cope ;

Which in Dead Men and Women may Deities
see,

And have Comte for its Prophet, and Mill for
its Pope.

But what's called Right and Wrong,
sir,

Is just an old Song, sir ;

Ne'er tell me of Duty, Good Actions, or Ill :
Being Useful or not, sir,
Determines the lot, sir ;

So Bentham found out, and so thinks
Stuart Mill.

Doctor Cumming predicts that the World's near
an end ;

Stuart Mill says that Coal will soon dwindle
away :

Cumming preaches that therefore our ways we
should mend ;

Mill exhorts that the National Debt we should
pay.

Whichsoe'er may come first, sir,

Or turn out the worst, sir —

The Great Configuration, or General
Chill, —

We've to thank the men both, sir,

But I give you my oath, sir,

I don't half believe either Cumming or
Mill.

Mill avows that the Franchise he'd fearlessly
lower,

To admit all the masses who read and who
write ;

Which would make him, I fear, of much mis-
chief the Sower,

If Lorimer's project don't keep it all tight.

But here by appealing

To chivalrous feeling,

Mill hopes he'll succeed in well gilding the
pill ;

To throw open the poll, sir,

To every *Femme Sole*, sir,

Is the gallant proposal of good Stuart Mill.

If a Viceroy, defending his difficult post,
Show a zeal to have Treason and Bloodshed
suppressed ;

And if thereby some turbulent lives should be
lost,

He is guilty of Murder — for doing his best !

But the plot of Orsini,

The schemes of Mazzini,

At which most of men's bosoms with horror
would thrill,

These, from all I can gather,

Are laudable rather,

Or but deemed Civil War in the judgment
of Mill.

Now, let all men have freedom to speak and to
write,

And let others who differ stand up for the
Truth ;

But I think we should pause as to those we in-
vite

To make laws for the land, or to train up our
Youth.

To the helpless and young, sir,

You do a great wrong, sir,

To give them a Teacher, false views to
instil ;

And I won't, by your leave, sir,

Pin my faith to the sleeve, sir,

Of so godless a guide as the System of
Mill.*

Blackwood's Magazine.

* See Mr. Mill's works *passim* : his 'Logio,' a common text-book at Oxford ; his 'Utilitarianism,' his 'Auguste Comte,' his 'Liberty,' with the note on Tyrannicide ; his 'Examination of Hamilton,' and his recent speeches in Parliament. Other Philosophies — Hamilton's, Ferrier's, &c. — are essentially Theistic. Mill's system, in our opinion, is, — we will not say Atheistic — but Untheistic ; it may not deny, but it does not assert, or presuppose, the existence of a Deity ; it ignores the idea of a Providence ; and as we think it false as well as dangerous, we have taken the liberty to say so.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE DAY OF THE FUNERAL.

HARRY CLAVERING, when he walked away from Bolton Street after the scene in which he had been interrupted by Sophie Gordaloup, was not in a happy frame of mind, nor did he make his journey down to Clavering with much comfort to himself. Whether or no he was now to be regarded as a villain, at any rate he was not a villain capable of doing his villainy without extreme remorse and agony of mind. It did not seem to him to be even yet possible that he should be altogether untrue to Florence. It hardly occurred to him to think that he could free himself from the contract by which he was bound to her. No; it was towards Lady Ongar that his treachery must be exhibited;—towards the woman whom he had sworn to befriend, and whom he now, in his distress, imagined to be the dearer to him of the two. He should, according to his custom, have written to Florence a day or two before he left London, and, as he went to Bolton Street, had determined to do so that evening on his return home; but when he reached his rooms he found it impossible to write such a letter. What could he say to her that would not be false? How could he tell her that he loved her, and speak as he was wont to do of his impatience, after that which had just occurred in Bolton Street?

But what was he to do in regard to Julia? He was bound to let her know at once what was his position, and to tell her that in treating her as he had treated her, he had simply insulted her. That look of gratified contentment with which she had greeted him as he was leaving her, clung to his memory and tormented him. Of that contentment he must now rob her, and he was bound to do so with as little delay as was possible. Early in the morning before he started on his journey he did make an attempt, a vain attempt, to write, not to Florence, but to Julia. The letter would not get itself written. He had not the hardihood to inform her that he had amused himself with her sorrows and that he had injured her by the exhibition of his love. And then that horrid Franco-Pole, whose prying eyes Julia had dared to disregard, because she had been proud of his love! If she had not been there, the case might have been easier. Harry, as he thought of this, forgot to remind himself that if Sophie had not interrupted him he would have floundered on from one danger to another till he would have committed himself more thor-

oughly even than he had done, and had made promises which it would have been as shameful to break as it would be to keep them. But even as it was, had he not made such promises? Was there not such a promise in that embrace, in the half-forgotten word or two which he had spoken while she was in his arms, and in the parting grasp of his hand? He could not write that letter then, on that morning, hurried as he was with the necessity of his journey; and he started for Clavering resolving that it should be written from his father's house.

It was a tedious, sad journey to him, and he was silent and out of spirits when he reached his home; but he had gone there for the purpose of his cousin's funeral, and his mood was not at first noticed, as it might have been had the occasion been different. His father's countenance wore that well-known look of customary solemnity which is found to be necessary on such occasions, and his mother was still thinking of the sorrows of Lady Clavering who had been at the rectory for the last day or two.

"Have you seen Lady Ongar since she heard of the poor child's death?" his mother asked.

"Yes, I was with her yesterday evening."

"Do you see her often?" Fanny inquired.

"What do you call often? No; not often. I went to her last night because she had given me a commission. I have seen her three or four times altogether."

"Is she as handsome as she used to be?" said Fanny.

"I cannot tell; I do not know."

"You used to think her very handsome, Harry."

"Of course she is handsome. There has never been a doubt about that; but when a woman is in deep mourning one can hardly think about her beauty." Oh, Harry, Harry, how could you be so false?

"I thought young widows were always particularly charming," said Fanny; "and when one remembers about Lord Ongar, one does not think of her being a widow so much as one would do if he had been different."

"I don't know anything about that," said he. He felt that he was stupid, and that he blundered in every word, but he could not help himself. It was impossible that he should talk about Lady Ongar with proper composure. Fanny saw that the subject annoyed him and that it made him cross, and she therefore ceased. "She wrote a very nice letter to your mother about the poor child, and about her sister," said the rec-

tor. "I wish with all my heart that Hermione could go to her for a time."

"I fear that he will not let her," said Mrs. Clavering. "I do not understand it all, but Hermione says that the rancour between Hugh and her sister is stronger now than ever."

"And Hugh will not be the first to put rancour out of his heart," said the rector.

On the following day was the funeral, and Harry went with his father and cousins to the child's grave. When he met Sir Hugh in the dining-room in the Great House, the baronet hardly spoke to him. "A sad occasion; is it not?" said Archie; "very sad; very sad." Then Harry could see that Hugh scowled at his brother angrily, hating his humbug, and hating it the more because in Archie's case it was doubly humbug. Archie was now heir to the property and to the title.

After the funeral Harry went to see Lady Clavering, and again had to endure a conversation about Lady Ongar. Indeed, he had been specially commissioned by Julia to press upon her sister the expediency of leaving Clavering for a while. This had been early on that last evening in Bolton Street, long before Madame Gordeloup had made her appearance. "Tell her from me," Lady Ongar had said, "that I will go anywhere that she may wish if she will go with me,—she and I alone; and, Harry, tell her this as though I meant it. I do mean it. She will understand why I do not write myself. I know that he sees all her letters when he is with her." This task Harry was now to perform, and the result he was bound to communicate to Lady Ongar. The message he might give; but delivering the answer to Lady Ongar would be another thing.

Lady Clavering listened to what he said, but when he pressed her for a reply she shook her head. "And why not, Lady Clavering?"

"People can't always leave their houses and go away, Harry."

"But I should have thought that you could have done so now;—that is before long. Will Sir Hugh remain here at Clavering?"

"He has not told me that he means to go."

"If he stays, I suppose you will stay; but if he goes up to London again, I cannot see why you and your sister should not go away together. She mentioned Tenby as being very quiet, but she would be guided by you altogether."

"I do not think it will be possible, Harry. Tell her with my love, that I am truly

obliged to her, but that I do not think it will be possible. She is free you know, to do what she pleases."

"Yes, she is free. But do you mean?"—

"I mean, Harry, that I had better stay where I am. What is the use of a scene, and of being refused at last? Do not say more about it, but tell her that it cannot be so." This Harry promised to do, and after a while was rising to go, when she suddenly asked him a question. "Do you remember what I was saying about Julia and Archie when you were here last?"

"Yes; I remember."

"Well, would he have a chance? It seems that you see more of her now than any one else."

"No chance at all, I should say." And Harry, as he answered, could not repress a feeling of most unreasonable jealousy.

"Ah, you have always thought little of Archie. Archie's position is changed now, Harry, since my darling was taken from me. Of course he will marry, and Hugh, I think, would like him to marry Julia. It was he proposed it. He never likes anything unless he has proposed it himself."

"It was he proposed the marriage with Lord Ongar. Does he like that?"

"Well; you know, Julia has got her money." Harry as he heard this, turned away, sick at heart. The poor baby whose mother was now speaking to him, had only been buried that morning, and she was already making fresh schemes for family wealth. Julia has got her money! That had seemed to her, even in her sorrow, to be sufficient compensation for all that her sister had endured and was enduring. Poor soul. Harry did not reflect as he should have done, that in all her schemes she was only scheming for that peace which might perhaps come to her if her husband were satisfied. "And why should not Julia take him?" she asked.

"I cannot tell why, but she never will," said Harry, almost in anger. At that moment the door was opened, and Sir Hugh came into the room. "I did not know that you were here," Sir Hugh said, turning to the visitor.

"I could not be down here without saying a few words to Lady Clavering."

"The less said the better, I suppose, just at present," said Sir Hugh. But there was no offence in the tone of his voice, or in his contenance, and Harry took the words as meaning none.

"I was telling Lady Clavering that as soon as she can, she would be better if she left home for awhile."

"And why should you tell Lady Clavering that?"

"I have told him that I would not go," said the poor woman.

"Why should she go, and where; and why have you proposed it? And how does it come to pass that her going or not going should be a matter of solicitude to you?" Now, as Sir Hugh asked these questions of his cousin, there was much of offence in his tone, — of intended offence, — and in his eye, and in all his bearing. He had turned his back upon his wife, and was looking full into Harry's face. "Lady Clavering, no doubt, is much obliged to you," he said, "but why is it that you specially have interfered to recommend her to leave her home at such a time as this?"

Harry had not spoken as he did to Sir Hugh without having made some calculation in his own mind as to the result of what he was about to say. He did not, as regarded himself, care for his cousin or his cousin's anger. His object at present was simply that of carrying out Lady Ongar's wish, and he had thought that perhaps Sir Hugh might not object to the proposal which his wife was too timid to make to him.

"It was a message from her sister," said Harry, "sent by me."

"Upon my word she is very kind. And what was the message, — unless it be a secret between you three?"

"I have had no secret, Hugh," said his wife.

"Let me hear what he has to say," said Sir Hugh.

Lady Ongar thought that it might be well that her sister should leave Clavering for a short time, and had offered to go anywhere with her for a few weeks. That is all."

"And why the devil should Hermione leave her own house? And if she were to leave it, why should she go with a woman that has misconducted herself?"

"Oh, Hugh!" exclaimed Lady Clavering.

"Lady Ongar has never misconducted herself," said Harry.

"Are you her champion?" asked Sir Hugh.

"As far as that, I am. She has never misconducted herself; and what is more, she has been cruelly used since she came home."

"By whom; by whom?" said Sir Hugh, stepping close up to his cousin and looking with angry eyes into his face.

But Harry Clavering was not a man to be intimidated by the angry eyes of any

man. "By you," he said, "her brother-in-law; — by you, who made up her wretched marriage, and who, of all others, were the most bound to protect her."

"Oh, Harry, don't, don't!" shrieked Lady Clavering.

"Hermione, hold your tongue," said the imperious husband; "or, rather, go away and leave us. I have a word or two to say to Harry Clavering which had better be said in private."

"I will not go if you are going to quarrel."

"Harry," said Sir Hugh, "I will trouble you to go downstairs before me. If you will step into the breakfast-room I will come to you."

Harry Clavering did as he was bid, and in a few minutes was joined by his cousin in the breakfast-room.

"No doubt you intended to insult me by what you said upstairs." The baronet began in this way after he had carefully shut the door, and had slowly walked up to the rug before the fire, and had there taken his position.

"Not at all; I intended to take the part of an ill-used woman whom you had calumniated."

"Now look here, Harry, I will have no interference on your part in my affairs, either here or elsewhere. You are a very fine fellow, no doubt, but it is not part of your business to set me or my house in order. After what you have just said before Lady Clavering you will do well not to come here in my absence."

"Neither in your absence nor in your presence."

"As to the latter you may do as you please. And now touching my sister-in-law, I will simply recommend you to look after your own affairs."

"I shall look after what affairs I please."

"Of Lady Ongar and her life since her marriage I daresay you know as little as anybody in the world, and I do not suppose it likely that you will learn much from her. She made a fool of you once, and it is on the cards that she may do so again."

"You said just now that you would brook no interference in your affairs. Neither will I."

"I don't know that you have any affairs in which any one can interfere. I have been given to understand that you are engaged to marry that young lady whom your mother brought here one day to dinner. If that be so, I do not see how you can reconcile it to yourself to become the champion, as you called it, of Lady Ongar."

"I never said anything of the kind."

"Yes, you did."

"No; it was you who asked me whether I was her champion."

"And you said you were."

"So far as to defend her name when I heard it traduced by you."

"By heavens, your impudence is beautiful. Who knows her best, do you think, — you or I? Whose sister-in-law is she? You have told me I was cruel to her. Now to that I will not submit, and I require you to apologize to me."

"I have no apology to make, and nothing to retract."

"Then I shall tell your father of your gross misconduct, and shall warn him that you have made it necessary for me to turn his son out of my house. You are an impudent, overbearing puppy, and if your name were not the same as my own, I would tell the grooms to horsewhip you off the place."

"Which order, you know, the grooms would not obey. They would a deal sooner horsewhip you. Sometimes I think they will, when I hear you speak to them."

"Now go!"

"Of course I shall go. What would keep me here?"

Sir Hugh then opened the door, and Harry passed through it, not without a cautious look over his shoulder, so that he might be on his guard if any violence were contemplated. But Hugh knew better than that, and allowed his cousin to walk out of the room, and out of the house, unmolested.

And this had happened on the day of the funeral! Harry Clavering had quarrelled thus with the father within a few hours of the moment in which they two had stood together over the grave of that father's only child! As he thought of this while he walked across the park he became sick at heart. How vile, wretched and miserable was the world around him! How terribly vicious were the people with whom he was dealing! And what could he think of himself, — of himself, who was engaged to Florence Burton, and engaged also, as he certainly was, to Lady Ongar? Even his cousin had rebuked him for his treachery to Florence; but what would his cousin have said had he known all? And then what good had he done; — or rather what evil had he not done? In his attempt on behalf of Lady Clavering had he not, in truth, interfered without proper excuse, and fairly laid himself open to anger from his cousin? And he felt that he had been an ass, a fool, a conceited ass; thinking that

he could produce good, when his interference could be efficacious only for evil. Why could he not have held his tongue when Sir Hugh came in, instead of making that vain suggestion as to Lady Clavering? But even this trouble was but an addition to the great trouble that overwhelmed him. How was he to escape the position which he had made for himself in reference to Lady Ongar? As he had left London he had promised to himself that he would write to her that same night and tell her everything as to Florence; but the night had passed, and the next day was nearly gone, and no such letter had been written.

As he sat with his father that evening, he told the story of his quarrel with his cousin. His father shrugged his shoulders and raised his eyebrows. "You are a bolder man than I am," he said. "I certainly should not have dared to advise Hugh as to what he should do with his wife."

"But I did not advise him. I only said that I had been talking to her about it. If he were to say to you that he had been recommending my mother to do this or that, you would not take it amiss?"

"But Hugh is a peculiar man."

"No man has a right to be peculiar. Every man is bound to accept such usage as is customary in the world."

"I don't suppose that it will signify much," said the rector. "To have your cousin's doors barred against you, either here or in London, will not injure you."

"Oh, no; it will not injure me; but I do not wish you to think that I have been unreasonable."

The night went by and so did the next day, and still the letter did not get itself written. On the third morning after the funeral he heard that Sir Hugh had gone away; but he, of course, did not go up to the house, remembering well that he had been warned by the master not to do so in the master's absence. His mother, however, went to Lady Clavering, and some intercourse between the families was renewed. He had intended to stay but one day after the funeral, but at the end of the week he was still at the rectory. It was Whitsuntide he said, and he might as well take his holiday as he was down there. Of course they were glad that he should remain with them, but they did not fail to perceive that things with him were not altogether right; nor had Fanny failed to perceive that he had not once mentioned Florence's name since he had been at the rectory. *

"Harry," she said, "there is nothing wrong between you and Florence?"

"Wrong! what should there be wrong? What do you mean by wrong?"

"I had a letter from her to-day and she asks where you are."

"Women expect such a lot of letter-writing! But I have been remiss I know. I got out of my business way of doing things when I came down here and have neglected it. Do you write to her to-morrow, and tell her that she shall hear from me directly I get back to town."

"But why should you not write to her from here?"

"Because I can get you to do it for me."

Fanny felt that this was not at all like a lover, and not at all like such a lover as her brother had been. While Florence had been at Clavering he had been most constant with his letters, and Fanny had often heard Florence boast of them as being perfect in their way. She did not say anything further at the present moment, but she knew that things were not altogether right. Things were by no means right. He had written neither to Lady Ongar nor to Florence, and the longer he put off the task the more burdensome did it become. He was now telling himself that he would write to neither till he got back to London.

On the day before he went, there came to him a letter from Stratton. Fanny was with him when he received it, and observed that he put it into his pocket without opening it. In his pocket he carried it unopened half the day, till he was ashamed of his own weakness. At last, almost in despair with himself, he broke the seal and forced himself to read it. There was nothing in it that need have alarmed him. It contained hardly a word that was intended for a rebuke.

"I wonder why you should have been two whole weeks without writing," she said. "It seems so odd to me, because you have spoiled me by your customary goodness. I know that other men when they are engaged do not trouble themselves with constant letter-writing. Even Theodore, who according to Cecilia is perfect, would not write to her then very often; and now, when he is away, his letters are only three lines. I suppose you are teaching me not to be exacting. If so, I will kiss the rod like a good child; but I feel it the more because the lesson has not come soon enough."

Then she went on in her usual strain, telling him of what she had done, what she had read, and what she had thought. There was no suspicion in her letter, no fear, no hint at jealousy. And she should have no further cause for jealousy! One of the two must be sacrificed, and it was most fitting

that Julia should be the sacrifice. Julia should be sacrificed, — Julia and himself! But still he could not write to Florence till he had written to Julia. He could not bring himself to send soft, pretty, loving words to one woman while the other was still regarding him as her affianced lover.

"Was your letter from Florence this morning?" Fanny asked him.

"Yes; it was."

"Had she received mine?"

"I don't know. Of course she had. If you sent it by post of course she got it."

"She might have mentioned it, perhaps."

"I daresay she did. I don't remember."

"Well, Harry; you need not be cross with me because I love the girl who is going to be your wife. You would not like it if I did not care about her."

"I hate being called cross."

"Suppose I were to say that I hated your being cross. I'm sure I do; — and you are going away to-morrow, too. You have hardly said a nice word to me since you have been home."

Harry threw himself back into a chair almost in despair. He was not enough a hypocrite to say nice words when his heart within him was not at ease. He could not bring himself to pretend that things were pleasant.

"If you are in trouble, Harry, I will not go on teasing you."

"I am in trouble," he said.

"And cannot I help you?"

"No; you cannot help me. No one can help me. But do not ask any questions."

"Oh, Harry! is it about money?"

"No, no; it has nothing to do with money."

"You have not really quarrelled with Florence?"

"No; I have not quarrelled with her at all. But I will not answer more questions. And, Fanny, do not speak of this to my father or mother. It will be over before long, and then, if possible, I will tell you."

"Harry, you are not going to fight with Hugh?"

"Fight with Hugh! no. Not that I should mind it; but he is not fool enough for that. If he wanted fighting done, he would do it by deputy. But there is nothing of that kind."

She asked him no more questions, and on the next morning he returned to London. On his table he found a note which he at once knew to be from Lady Ongar, and which had come only that afternoon.

"Come to me at once; — at once." That was all that the note contained.

CHAPTER XXIII.

CUMBERLY LANE WITHOUT THE MUD.

FANNY CLAVERING, while she was inquiring of her brother about his troubles, had not been without troubles of her own. For some days past she had been aware, — almost aware, — that Mr. Saul's love was not among the things that were past. I am not prepared to say that this conviction on her part was altogether an unalloyed trouble, or that there might have been no faint touch of sadness, or silent melancholy about her, had it been otherwise. But Mr. Saul was undoubtedly a trouble to her; and Mr. Saul with his love in activity would be more troublesome than Mr. Saul with his love in abeyance. "It would be madness either in him or in me," Fanny had said to herself very often; "he has not a shilling in the world." But she thought no more in these days of the awkwardness of his gait, or of his rusty clothes, or his abstracted manner; and for his doings as a clergyman her admiration had become very great. Her mother saw something of all this, and cautioned her; but Fanny's demure manner deceived Mrs. Clavering. "Oh, mamma, of course I know that anything of the kind must be impossible; and I am sure he does not think of it himself any longer." When she had said this, Mrs. Clavering had believed that it was all right. The reader must not suppose that Fanny had been a hypocrite. There had been no hypocrisy in her words to her mother. At that moment the conviction that Mr. Saul's love was not among past events had not reached her; and as regarded herself, she was quite sincere when she said that anything of the kind must be impossible.

It will be remembered that Florence Burton had advised Mr. Saul to try again, and that Mr. Saul had resolved that he would do so, — resolving, also, that should he try in vain he must leave Clavering, and seek another home. He was a solemn, earnest, thoughtful man; to whom such a matter as this was a phase of life very serious, causing infinite present trouble, nay, causing tribulation, and, to the same extent, capable of causing infinite joy. From day to day he went about his work, seeing her amidst his ministrations almost daily. And never during these days did he say a word to her of his love, — never since that day in which he had plainly pleaded his cause in the muddy lane. To no one but Florence Burton had he since spoken of it, and Florence had certainly been true

to her trust; but, notwithstanding all that, Fanny's conviction was very strong.

Florence had counselled Mr. Saul to try again, and Mr. Saul was prepared to make the attempt; but he was a man who allowed himself to do nothing in a hurry. He thought much of the matter before he could prepare himself to recur to the subject; doubting, sometimes, whether he would be right to do so without first speaking to Fanny's father; doubting, afterwards, whether he might not best serve his cause by asking the assistance of Fanny's mother. But he resolved at last that he would depend on himself alone. As to the rector, if his suit to Fanny were a fault against Mr. Clavering as Fanny's father, that fault had been already committed. But Mr. Saul would not admit to himself that it was a fault. I fancy that he considered himself to have, as a gentleman, right to address himself to any lady with whom he was thrown into close contact. I fancy that he ignored all want of worldly preparation, — never for a moment attempting to place himself on a footing with men who were richer than himself, and, as the world goes, brighter, but still feeling himself to be in no way lower than they. If any woman so lived as to show that she thought his line better than their line, it was open to him to ask such woman to join her lot to his. If he failed, the misfortune was his; and the misfortune, as he well knew, was one which it was hard to bear. And as to the mother, though he had learned to love Mrs. Clavering dearly, — appreciating her kindness to all those around her, her conduct to her husband, her solititude in the parish, all her genuine goodness, still he was averse to trust to her for any part of his success. Though Mr. Saul was no knight, though he had nothing knightly about him, though he was a poor curate in very rusty clothes and with manner strangely unfitted for much communion with the outer world, still he had a feeling that the spoil which he desired to win should be won by his own spear, and that his triumph would lose half its glory if it were not achieved by his own prowess. He was no coward, either in such matter as this or in any other. When circumstances demanded that he should speak he could speak his mind freely, with manly vigour, and sometimes not without a certain manly grace.

How did Fanny know that it was coming? She did know it, though he had said nothing to her beyond his usual parish communications. He was often with her in the two schools; often returned with her in the

sweet spring evenings along the lane that led back to the rectory from Cumberly Green; often inspected with her the little amounts of parish charities and entries of pence collected from such parents as could pay. He had never reverted to that other subject. But yet Fanny knew that it was coming, and when she had questioned Harry about his troubles she had been thinking also of her own.

It was now the middle of May, and the spring was giving way to the early summer almost before the spring had itself arrived. It is so, I think, in these latter years. The sharpness of March prolongs itself almost through April; and then, while we are still hoping for the spring, there falls upon us suddenly a bright, dangerous, delicious gleam of summer. The lane from Cumberly Green was no longer muddy, and Fanny could go backwards and forwards between the parsonage and her distant school without that wading for which feminine apparel is so unsuited. One evening, just as she had finished her work, Mr. Saul's head appeared at the school-door, and he asked her whether she were about to return home. As soon as she saw his eye and heard his voice, she feared that the day was come. She was prepared with no new answer, and could only give the answer that she had given before. She had always told herself that it was impossible; and as to all other questions, about her own heart or such like, she had put such questions away from her as being unnecessary, and, perhaps, unseemly. The thing was impossible, and should therefore be put away out of thought, as a matter completed and at an end. But now the time was come, and she almost wished that she had been more definite in her own resolutions.

"Yes, Mr. Saul, I have just done."

"I will walk with you, if you will let me." Then Fanny spoke some words of experienced wisdom to two or three girls, in order that she might show to them, to him, and to herself that she was quite collected. She lingered in the room for a few minutes, and was very wise and very experienced. "I am quite ready now, Mr. Saul." So saying, she came forth upon the green lane, and he followed her.

They walked on in silence for a little way, and then he asked her some question about Florence Burton. Fanny told him that she had heard from Stratton two days since, and that Florence was well.

"I liked her very much," said Mr. Saul.

"So did we all. She is coming here again in the autumn; so it will not be very long before you see her again."

"How that may be I cannot tell, but if you see her that will be of more consequence."

"We shall all see her, of course."

"It was here, in this lane, that I was with her last, and wished her good-by. She did not tell you of my having parted with her, then?"

"Not especially, that I remember."

"Ah, you would have remembered if she had told you; but she was quite right not to tell *you*." Fanny was now a little confused, so that she could not exactly calculate what all this meant. Mr. Saul walked on by her side, and for some moments nothing was said. After a while he recurred again to his parting from Florence. "I asked her advise on that occasion, and she gave it me clearly, — with a clear purpose and an assured voice. I like a person who will do that. You are sure then that you are getting the truth out of your friend, even if it be a simple negative, or a refusal to give any reply to the question asked."

"Florence Burton is always clear in what she says."

"I had asked her if she thought that I might venture to hope for a more favourable answer if I urged my suit to you again."

"She cannot have said yes to that, Mr. Saul; she cannot have done so!"

"She did not do so. She simply bade me ask yourself. And she was right. On such a matter there is no one to whom I can with propriety address myself, but to yourself. Therefore I now ask you the question. May I venture to have any hope?"

His voice was so solemn, and there was so much of eager seriousness in his face that Fanny could not bring herself to answer him with quickness. The answer that was in her mind was in truth this: "How can you ask me to try to love a man who has but seventy pounds a year in the world, while I myself have nothing?" But there was something in his demeanour, — something that was almost grand in its gravity, — which made it quite impossible that she should speak to him in that tone. But he, having asked his question, waited for an answer; and she was well aware that the longer she delayed it, the weaker became the ground on which she was standing.

"It is quite impossible," she said at last.

"If it really be so, if you will say again that it is so after hearing me out to an end, I will desist. In that case I will desist and leave you, — and leave Clavering."

"Oh, Mr. Saul, do not do that, — for papa's sake, and because of the parish."

"I would do much for your father, and as

to the parish I love it well. I do not think I can make you understand how well I love it. It seems to me that I can never again have the same feeling for any place that I have for this. There is not a house, a field, a green lane, that is not dear to me. It is like a first love. With some people a first love will come so strongly that it makes a renewal of the passion impossible."

He did not say that it would be so with himself, but it seemed to her that he intended that she should so understand him.

"I do not see why you should leave Clavering," she said.

"If you knew the nature of my regard for yourself, you would see why it should be so. I do not say that there ought to be any such necessity. If I were strong there would be no such need. But I am weak, — weak in this; and I could not hold myself under such control as is wanted for the work I have to do." When he had spoken of his love for the place, — for the parish, there had been something of passion in his language; but now in the words which he spoke of himself and of his feeling for her, he was calm and reasonable and tranquil, and talked of his going away from her as he might have talked had some change of air been declared necessary for his health. She felt that this was so, and was almost angry with him.

"Of course you must know what will be best for yourself," she said.

"Yes; I know now what I must do, if such is to be your answer. I have made up my mind as to that. I cannot remain at Clavering, if I am told that I may never hope that you will become my wife."

"But, Mr. Saul" —

"Well; I am listening. But before you speak, remember how all-important your words will be to me."

"No; they cannot be all-important."

"As regards my present happiness and rest in this world they will be so. Of course I know that nothing you can say or do will hurt me beyond that. But you might help me even to that further and greater bliss. You might help me too in that, — as I also might help you."

"But, Mr. Saul" — she began again, and then, feeling that she must go on, she forced herself to utter words which at the time she felt to be commonplace. "People cannot marry without an income. Mr. Fielding did not think of such a thing till he had a living assured to him."

"But, independently of that, might I hope?" She ventured for an instant to glance at his face, and saw that his eyes

were glistening with a wonderful brightness.

"How can I answer you further? Is not that reason enough why such a thing should not be even discussed?"

"No, Miss Clavering, it is not reason enough. If you were to tell me that you could never love me, — me, personally, — that you could never regard me with affection, that would be reason why I should desist; — why I should abandon all my hope here, and go away from Clavering for ever. Nothing else can be reason enough. My being poor ought not to make you throw me aside if you loved me. If it were so that you loved me, I think you would owe it me to say so, let me be ever so poor."

"I do not like you the less because you are poor."

"But do you like me at all? Can you bring yourself to love me? Would you make the effort if I had such an income as you thought necessary? If I had such riches, could you teach yourself to regard me as him whom you were to love better than all the world beside? I call upon you to answer me that question truly; and if you tell me that it could be so, I will not despair, and I will not go away."

As he said this they came to a turn in the road which brought the parsonage gate within their view. Fanny knew that she would leave him there and go in alone, but she knew also that she must say something further to him before she could thus escape. She did not wish to give him an assurance of her positive indifference to him, — and still less did she wish to tell him that he might hope. It could not be possible that such an engagement should be approved by her father, nor could she bring herself to think that she could be quite contented with a lover such as Mr. Saul: When he had first proposed to her she had almost ridiculed his proposition in her heart. Even now there was something in it that was almost ridiculous; — and yet there was something in it also that touched her as being sublime. The man was honest, good, and true, — perhaps the best and truest man that she had ever known. She could not bring herself to say to him any word that should banish him for ever from the place he loved so well.

"If you knew your own heart well enough to answer me, you should do so," he went on to say. "If you do not, say so, and I will be content to wait your own time."

"It would be better, Mr. Saul, that you should not think of this any more."

"No, Miss Clavering; that would not be better, — not for me; for it would prove me to be utterly heartless. I am not heartless. I love you dearly. I will not say that I cannot live without you; but it is my one great hope as regards this world, that I should have you at some future day as my own. It may be that I am too prone to hope; but surely, if that were altogether beyond hope, you would have found words to tell me so by this time." They had now come to the gateway, and he paused as she put her trembling hand upon the latch.

"I cannot say more to you now," she said.

"Then let it be so. But, Miss Clavering, I shall not leave this place till you have said more than that. And I will speak the truth to you, even though it may offend you. I have more of hope now than I have ever had before, — more hope that you may possibly learn to love me. In a few days I will ask you again whether I may be allowed to speak upon the subject to your father. Now I will say farewell, and may God bless you; and remember this, — that my only earthly wish and ambition is in your hands." Then he went on his way towards his own lodgings, and she entered the parsonage garden by herself.

What should she now do, and how should she carry herself? She would have gone to her mother at once, were it not that she could not resolve what words she would speak to her mother. When her mother should ask her how she regarded the man, in what way should she answer that question? She could not tell herself that she loved Mr. Saul; and yet, if she surely did not love him, — if such love were impossible, — why had she not said as much to him? We, however, may declare that that inclination to ridicule his passion, to think of him as a man who had no right to love, was gone for ever. She conceded to him clearly that right, and knew that he had exercised it well. She knew that he was good and true, and honest, and recognized in him also manly courage and spirited resolution. She would not tell herself that it was impossible that she should love him.

She went up at last to her room doubting, unhappy, and ill at ease. To have such a secret long kept from her mother would make her life unendurable to her. But she felt that, in speaking to her mother, only one aspect of the affair would be possible. Even though she loved him, how could she marry a curate whose only income was seventy pounds a year?

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RUSSIAN SPY.

WHEN the baby died at Clavering Park, somebody hinted that Sir Hugh would certainly quarrel with his brother as soon as Archie should become the father of a presumptive heir to the title and property. That such would be the case those who best knew Sir Hugh would not doubt. That Archie should have that of which he himself had been robbed, would of itself be enough to make him hate Archie. But, nevertheless, at this present time, he continued to instigate his brother in that matter of the proposed marriage with Lady Ongar. Hugh, as well as others, felt that Archie's prospects were now improved, and that he could demand the hand of a wealthy lady with more of seeming propriety than would have belonged to such a proposition while the poor child was living. No one would understand this better than Lady Ongar, who knew so well all the circumstances of the family. The day after the funeral the two brothers returned to London together, and Hugh spoke his mind in the railway carriage. "It will be no good for you to hang on about Bolton Street, off and on, as though she were a girl of seventeen," he said.

"I'm quite up to that," said Archie. "I must let her know I'm there of course. I understand all that."

"Then why don't you do it? I thought you meant to go to her at once when we were talking about it before in London."

"So I did go to her, and got on with her very well, too, considering that I hadn't been there long when another woman came in."

"But you didn't tell her what you had come about?"

"No; not exactly. You see it doesn't do to pop at once to a widow like her. Ongar, you know, hasn't been dead six months. One has to be a little delicate in these things."

"Believe me, Archie, you had better give up all notions of being delicate, and tell her what you want at once, — plainly and fairly. You may be sure that she will not think of her former husband, if you don't."

"Oh! I don't think about him at all."

"Who was the woman you say was there?"

"That little Frenchwoman, — the sister of the man; — Sophie she calls her.

Sophie Gordeloup is her name. They are bosom friends."

"The sister of that count?"

"Yes; his sister. Such a woman for talking! She said ever so much about your keeping Hermione down in the country."

"The devil she did. What business was that of hers? That is Julia's doing."

"Well; no, I don't think so. Julia didn't say a word about it. In fact, I don't know how it came up. But you never heard such a woman to talk, — an ugly, old, hideous little creature! But the two are always together."

"If you don't take care you'll find that Julia is married to the count while you are thinking about it."

Then Archie began to consider whether he might not as well tell his brother of his present scheme with reference to Julia. Having discussed the matter at great length with his confidential friend, Captain Boodle, he had come to the conclusion that his safest course would be to bribe Madame Gordeloup, and creep into Julia's favour by that lady's aid. Now, on his return to London, he was about at once to play that game, and had already provided himself with funds for the purpose. The parting with ready money was a grievous thing to Archie, though in this case the misery would be somewhat palliated by the feeling that it was a bona fide sporting transaction. He would be lessening the odds against himself by a judicious hedging of his bets. "You must stand to lose something always by the horse you mean to win," Doodles had said to him, and Archie had recognized the propriety of the remark. He had, therefore, with some difficulty, provided himself with funds, and was prepared to set about his hedging operations as soon as he could find Madame Gordeloup on his return to London. He had already ascertained her address through Doodles, and had ascertained by the unparalleled acuteness of his friend that the lady was — a Russian spy. It would have been beautiful to have seen Archie's face when this information was whispered into his ear, in private, at the club. It was as though he had then been made acquainted with some great turf secret, unknown to the sporting world in general.

"Ah!" he said, drawing a long breath, "no; — by George, is she?"

The same story had been told everywhere in London of the little woman for the last half dozen years, whether truly or untruly. I am not prepared to say; but it had not hitherto reached Archie Clavering; and

now, on hearing it, he felt that he was becoming a participator in the deepest diplomatic secrets of Europe.

"By George," said he, "is she really?"

And his respect for the little woman rose a thousand per cent.

"That's what she is," said Doodles, "and it's a doosed fine thing for you, you know! Of course you can make her safe, and that will be everything."

Archie resolved at once that he would use the great advantage which chance and the ingenuity of his friend had thrown in his way; but that necessity of putting money in his purse was a sore grievance to him, and it occurred to him that it would be a grand thing if he could induce his brother to help him in this special matter. If he could only make Hugh see the immense advantage of an alliance with the Russian spy, Hugh could hardly avoid contributing to the expense, — of course on the understanding that all such moneys were to be repaid when the Russian spy's work had been brought to a successful result. Russian spy! There was in the very sound of the words something so charming that it almost made Archie in love with the outlay. A female Russian spy too! Sophie Gordeloup certainly retained but very few of the charms of womanhood, nor had her presence as a lady affected Archie with any special pleasure; but yet he felt infinitely more pleased with the affair than he would have been had she been a man spy. The intrigue was deeper. His sense of delight in the mysterious wickedness of the thing was enhanced by an additional spice. It is not given to every man to employ the services of a political Russian lady-spy in his love-affairs! As he thought of it in all its bearings, he felt that he was almost a Talleyrand, or, at any rate, a Palmerston.

Should he tell his brother? If he could represent the matter in such a light to his brother as to induce Hugh to produce the funds for purchasing the spy's services, the whole thing would be complete with a completeness that has rarely been equalled. But he doubted. Hugh was a hard man, — a hard, unimaginative man, and might possibly altogether refuse to believe in the Russian spy. Hugh believed in little but what he himself saw, and usually kept a very firm grasp upon his money.

"That Madame Gordeloup is always with Julia," Archie said, trying the way, as it were, before he told his plan.

"Of course she will help her brother's views."

"I'm not so sure of that. Some of these foreign women ain't like other women at all. They go deeper; — a doosed sight deeper."

"Into men's pockets, you mean."

"They play a deep game altogether. What do you suppose she is, now?" This question Archie asked in a whisper, bending his head forward towards his brother, though there was no one else in the carriage with them.

"What she is? A thief of some kind probably. I've no doubt she's up to any roguery."

"She's a — Russian spy."

"Oh, I've heard of that for the last dozen years. All the ugly old Frenchwomen in London are Russian spies, according to what people say; but the Russians know how to use their money better than that. If they employ spies, they employ people who can spy something."

Archie felt this to be cruel, — very cruel, but he said nothing further about it. His brother was stupid, pigheaded, obstinate, and quite unfitted by nature for affairs of intrigue. It was, alas, certain that his brother would provide no money for such a purpose as that he now projected; but, thinking of this, he found some consolation in the reflection that Hugh would not be a participator with him in his great secret. When he should have bought the Russian spy, he and Doodles would rejoice together in privacy without any third confederate. *Triumviri* might be very well; Archie also had heard of *triumviri*; but two were company, and three were none. Thus he consoled himself when his pigheaded brother expressed his disbelief in the Russian spy.

There was nothing more said between them in the railway carriage, and, as they parted at the door in Berkley Square, Hugh swore to himself that this should be the last season in which he would harbour his brother in London. After this he must have a house of his own there, or have no house at all. Then Archie went down to his club, and finally arranged with Doodles that the first visit to the Spy should be made on the following morning. After much consultation it was agreed between them that the way should be paved by a diplomatic note. The diplomatic note was therefore written by Doodles and copied by Archie.

"Captain Clavering presents his compliments to Madame Gordeloup, and proposes to call upon her to-morrow morning at twelve o'clock, if that hour will be convenient. Captain Clavering is desirous of consulting Madame Gordeloup on an affair of much importance." "Consult me!"

said Sophie to herself, when she got the letter. "For what should he consult me? It is that stupid man I saw with Julie. Ah, well; never mind. The stupid man shall come." The commissioner, therefore, who had taken the letter to Mount Street, returned to the club with a note in which Madame Gordeloup expressed her willingness to undergo the proposed interview. Archie felt that the letter, — a letter from a Russian spy addressed positively to himself, — gave him already diplomatic rank, and he kept it as a treasure in his breastcoat-pocket.

It then became necessary that he and his friend should discuss the manner in which the Spy should be managed. Doodles had his misgivings that Archie would be awkward, and almost angered his friend by the repetition of his cautions. "You mustn't chuck your money at her head, you know," said Doodles.

"Of course not; but when the time comes I shall slip the notes into her hand, — with a little pressure perhaps."

"It would be better to leave them near her on the table."

"Do you think so?"

"Oh, yes; a great deal. It's always done in that way."

"But perhaps she wouldn't see them, — or wouldn't know where they came from."

"Let her alone for that."

"But I must make her understand what I want of her, — in return, you know. I ain't going to give her twenty pounds for nothing."

"You must explain that at first; tell her that you expect her aid, and that she will find you a grateful friend, — a grateful friend, say; mind you remember that."

"Yes; I'll remember that. I suppose it would be as good a way as any."

"It's the only way, unless you want her to ring for the servant to kick you out of the house. It's as well understood as A B C, among the people who do these things. I should say take jewelry instead of money if she were anything but a Russian spy; but they understand the thing so well, that you may go farther with them than with others."

Archie's admiration for Sophie became still higher as he heard this. "I do like people," said he, "who understand what's what, and no mistake."

"But even with her you must be very careful."

"Oh, yes; that's a matter of course."

"When I was declaring for the last time that she would find me a grateful friend,

just at the word *grateful*, I would put down the four fivers on the table, smoothing them with my hand like that." Then Doodles acted the part, putting a great deal of emphasis on the word *grateful*, as he went through the smoothing ceremony with two or three sheets of club notepaper. "That's your game, you may be sure. If you put them into her hand she may feel herself obliged to pretend to be angry; but she can't be angry simply because you put your money on her table. Do you see that, old fellow?" Archie declared that he did see it very plainly. "If she does not choose to undertake the job, she'll merely have to tell you that you have left something behind you."

"But there's no fear of that, I suppose?"

"I can't say. Her hands may be full, you know, or she may think you don't go high enough."

"But I mean to tip her again, of course."

"Again! I should think so. I suppose she must have about a couple of hundred before the end of next month if she's to do any good. After a bit you will be able to explain that she shall have a sum down when the marriage has come off."

"She won't take the money and do nothing; will she?"

"Oh, no; they never sell you like that. It would spoil their own business if they were to play that game. If you can make it worth her while, she'll do the work for you. But you must be careful; — do remember that." Archie shook his head, almost in anger, and then went home for his night's rest.

On the next morning he dressed himself in his best, and presented himself at the door in Mount Street, exactly as the clock struck twelve. He had an idea that these people were very punctilious as to time. Who could say but that the French ambassador might have an appointment with Madame Gordeloup at half-past one, — or perhaps some emissary from the Pope! He had resolved that he would not take his left glove off his hand, and he had thrust the notes in under the palm of his glove, thinking he could get at them easier from there, should they be wanted in a moment, than he could do from his waistcoat pocket. He knocked at the door, knowing that he trembled as he did so, and felt considerable relief when he found himself to be alone in the room to which he was shown. He knew that men conversant with intrigues always go to work with their eyes open, and, therefore, at once he began to look about him. Could he not put the money into some con-

venient hiding-place, — now at once? There in one corner, was the spot in which she would seat herself upon the sofa. He saw plainly enough, as with the eye of a Tallyrand, the marks thereon of her constant sitting. So he seized the moment to place a chair suitable for himself, and cleared a few inches on the table near to it, for the smoothing of the bank-notes, — feeling, while so employed, that he was doing great things. He had almost made up his mind to slip one note between the pages of a book, not with any well-defined plan as to the utility of such a measure, but because it seemed to be such a diplomatic thing to do! But while this grand idea was still flashing backwards and forwards across his brain, the door opened, and he found himself in the presence of — the Russian spy.

He at once saw the Russian spy was very dirty, and that she wore a nightcap, but he liked her the better on that account. A female Russian spy should, he felt, differ much in her attire from other women. If possible, she should be arrayed in diamonds, and pearl ear-drops, with as little else upon her as might be; but failing that costume, which might be regarded as the appropriate evening Spy costume, — a tumbled nightcap, and a dirty white wrapper, old cloth slippers, and objectionable stockings were just what they should be.

"Ah!" said the lady, "you are Captain Clavering. Yes, I remember."

"I am Captain Clavering. I had the honour of meeting you at Lady Ongar's."

"And now you wish to consult me on an affair of great importance. Very well. You may consult me. Will you sit down — there." And Madame Gordeloup indicated to him a chair just opposite to herself, and far removed from that convenient spot which Archie had prepared for the smoothing of the bank-notes. Near to the place now assigned to him there was no table whatever, and he felt that he would in that position be so completely raked by the fire of her keen eyes, that he would not be able to carry on his battle upon good terms. In spite, therefore, of the lady's very plain instructions, he made an attempt to take possession of the chair which he had himself placed; but it was an ineffectual attempt, for the Spy was very peremptory with him. "There, Captain Clavering; there; there; you will be best there." Then he did as he was bid, and seated himself, as it were, quite out at sea, with nothing but an ocean of carpet around him, and with no possibility of manipulating his notes except under the raking fire of those.

terribly sharp eyes. "And now," said Madame Gordeloup, "you can commence to consult me. What is the business?"

Ah; what was the business? That was now the difficulty? In discussing the proper way of tendering the bank-notes, I fear the two captains had forgotten the nicest point of the whole negotiation. How was he to tell her what it was that he wanted to do himself, and what that she was to be required to do for him? It behoved him above all things not to be awkward! That he remembered. But how not to be awkward? "Well!" she said; and there was something almost of crossness in her tone. Her time, no doubt, was valuable. The French ambassador might even now be coming. "Well?"

"I think, Madame Gordeloup, you know my brother's sister-in-law, Lady Ongar?"

"What, Julie? Of course I know Julie. Julie and I are dear friends."

"So I supposed. That is the reason why I have come to you."

"Well; — well; — well?"

"Lady Ongar is a person whom I have known for a long time, and for whom I have a great, — I may say a very deep regard."

"Ah! yes. What a jointure she has! and what a park! Thousands and thousands of pounds, — and so beautiful! If I was a man I should have a very deep regard too. Yes."

"A most beautiful creature; — is she not?"

"Ah; if you had seen her in Florence, as I used to see her, in the long summer evenings! Her lovely hair was all loose to the wind and she would sit hour after hour looking, oh, at the stars! Have you seen the stars in Italy?"

Captain Clavering couldn't say that he had, but he had seen them uncommon bright in Norway, when he had been fishing there.

"Or the moon?" continued Sophie, not regarding his answer. "Ah; that is to live! And he, her husband, the rich lord, he was dying, — in a little room just inside, you know. It was very melancholy, Captain Clavering. But when she was looking at the moon, with her hair all dishevelled," and Sophie put her hands up to her own dirty nightcap, "she was just like a Magdalene; yes, just the same; — just the same."

"The exact strength of the picture, and the nature of the comparison drawn, were perhaps lost upon Archie; and indeed, Sophie herself probably trusted more to the tone of her words, than to any idea which they contained; but their tone was perfect,

and she felt that if anything could make him talk, he would talk now.

"Dear me! you don't say so. I have always admired her very much, Madame Gordeloup."

"Well?"

The French ambassador was probably in the next street already, and if Archie was to tell his tale at all he must do it now.

"You will keep my secret if I tell it you?" he asked.

"Is it me you ask that? Did you ever hear of me that I tell a gentleman's secret. I think not. If you have a secret, and will trust me, that will be good; if you will not trust me, — that will be good also."

"Of course I will trust you. That is why I have come here."

"Then out with it. I am not a little girl. You need not be bashful. Two and two make four. I know that. But some people want them to make five. I know that too. So speak out what you have to say."

"I am going to ask Lady Ongar to — to — marry me."

"Ah, indeed; with all the thousands of pounds and the beautiful park! But the beautiful hair is more than all the thousands of pounds. Is it not so?"

"Well, as to that, they all go together, you know."

"And that is so lucky! If they was to be separated, which would you take?"

The little woman grinned as she asked this question, and Archie, had he at all understood her character, might at once have put himself on a pleasant footing with her; but he was still confused and ill at ease, and only muttered something about the truth of his love for Julia.

"And you want to get her to marry you?"

"Yes; that's just it."

"And you want me to help you?"

"That's just it again."

"Well?"

"Upon my word, if you'll stick to me, you 'know, and see me through it, and all that kind of thing, you'll find in me a most grateful friend; — indeed, a most grateful friend." And Archie, as from his position he was debarred from attempting the smoothing process, began to work with his right forefinger under the glove on his left hand.

"What have you got there?" said Madame Gordeloup, looking at him with all her eyes.

Captain Clavering instantly discontinued the work with his finger, and became terribly confused. Her voice on asking the

question had become very sharp ; and it seemed to him that if he brought out his money in that awkward, barefaced way which now seemed to be necessary, she would display all the wrath of which a Russian spy could be capable. Would it not be better that he should let the money rest for the present, and trust to his promise of gratitude ? Ah, how he wished that he had slipped at any rate one note between the pages of a book.

" What have you got there ? " she demanded again, very sharply.

" Oh, nothing."

" It is not nothing. What have you got there ? If you have got nothing, take off your glove. Come."

Captain Clavering became very red in the face, and was altogether at a loss what to say or do. " Is it money you have got there ? " she asked. " Let me see how much. Come."

" It is just a few bank-notes I put in here to be handy," he said.

" Ah ; that is very handy, certainly. I never saw that custom before. Let me look." Then she took his hand, and with her own hooked finger clawed out the notes.

" Ah ! five, ten, fifteen, twenty pounds. Twenty pounds is not a great deal, but it is very nice to have even that always handy. I was wanting so much money as that myself ; perhaps you will make it handy to me." " Upon my word I shall be most happy. Nothing on earth would give me more pleasure."

" Fifty pounds would give me more pleasure ; just twice as much pleasure." Archie had begun to rejoice greatly at the safe disposition of the money, and to think how excellently well this Spy did her business ; but now there came upon him suddenly an idea that spies perhaps might do their business too well. " Twenty pounds in this country goes a very little way ; you are all so rich," said the Spy.

" By George, I ain't. I ain't rich, indeed "

" But you mean to be — with Julie's money ? "

" Oh — ah — yes ; and you ought to know, Madame Gordeloup, that I am now the heir to the family estate and title."

" Yes ; the poor little baby is dead, in spite of the pills and the powders, the daisies and the buttercups ! Poor little baby ! I had a baby of my own once, and that died also." Whereupon Madame Gordeloup, putting up her hand to her eyes, wiped away a real tear with the bank-notes which she still held. " And I am to remind Julie that you will be the heir ? "

" She will know all about that already."

" But I will tell her. It will be something to say, at any rate, — and that, perhaps, will be the difficulty."

" Just so ! I didn't look at it in that light before."

" And am I to propose it to her first ? "

" Well ; I don't know. Perhaps as you are so clever, it might be as well."

" And at once ? "

" Yes, certainly ; at once. You see, Madame Gordeloup, there may be so many buzzing about her."

" Exactly ; and some of them perhaps will have more than twenty pounds handy. Some will buzz better than that."

" Of course I didn't mean that for anything more than just a little compliment to begin with."

" Oh, ah ; just a little compliment for beginning. And when will it be making a progress and going on ? "

" Making a progress ! "

" Yes ; when will the compliment become a little bigger ? Twenty pounds ! Oh ! it's just for a few gloves, you know ; nothing more."

" Nothing more than that, of course," said poor Archie.

" Well ; when will the compliment grow bigger ? Let me see. Julie has seven thousands of pounds, what you call, per annum. And have you seen that beautiful park ? Oh ! And if you can make her to look at the moon with her hair down ; — oh ! When will that compliment grow bigger ? Twenty pounds ! I am ashamed, you know."

" When will you see her, Madame Gordeloup ? "

" See her ! I see her every day, always. I will be there to-day, and to-morrow, and the next day."

" You might say a word then at once, — this afternoon."

" What ! for twenty pounds ! Seven thousands of pounds per annum ; and you give me twenty pounds ! Fie, Captain Clavering. It is only just for me to speak to you, — this ! That is all. Come ; when will you bring me fifty ? "

" By George, — fifty ! "

" Yes, fifty ; — for another beginning. What ; seven thousands of pounds per annum, and make difficulty for fifty pounds ! You have a handy way with your glove. Will you come with fifty pounds to-morrow ? " Archie, with the drops of perspiration standing on his brow, and now desirous of getting out again into the street, promised that he would come again on the following day with the required sum.

"Just for another beginning! And now, good-morning, Captain Clavering. I will do my possible with Julie. Julie is very fond of me, and I think you have been right in coming here. But twenty pounds was too little, even for a beginning." Mercenary wretch; hungry, greedy, ill-conditioned woman, — altogether of the harpy breed! As Archie Clavering looked into her grey eyes, and saw there her greed and her hunger, his flesh crept upon his bones. Should he not succeed with Julia, how much would this excellent lady cost him?

As soon as he was gone the excellent lady made an intolerable grimace, shaking herself and shrugging her shoulders, and walking up and down the room with her dirty wrapper held close round her. "Bah," she said. "Bah!" And as she thought of the heavy stupidity of her late visitor she shrugged herself and shook herself again violently, and clutched up her robe still more closely. "Bah!" It was intolerable to her that a man should be such a fool, even though she was to make money by him. And then, that such a man should conceive it to be possible that he should become the husband of a woman with seven thousand pounds a year! Bah!

Archie, as he walked away from Mount Street, found it difficult to create a triumphant feeling within his own bosom. He had been awkward, slow, and embarrassed, and the Spy had been too much for him. He was quite aware of that, and he was aware also that even the sagacious Doodles had been wrong. There had, at any rate, been no necessity for making a difficulty about the money. The Russian Spy had known her business too well to raise troublesome scruples on that point. That she was very good at her trade he was prepared to acknowledge; but a fear came upon him that he would find the article too costly for his own purposes. He remembered the determined tone in which she had demanded the fifty pounds merely as a further beginning.

And then he could not but reflect how much had been said at the interview about money, — about money for her, and how very little had been said as to the assistance to be

given, — as to the return to be made for the money. No plan had been laid down, no times fixed, no facilities for making love suggested to him. He had simply paid over his twenty pounds, and been desired to bring another fifty. The other fifty he was to take to Mount Street on the morrow. What if she were to require fifty pounds every day, and declare that she could not stir in the matter for less? Doodles, no doubt, had told him that these first-class Russian spies did well the work for which they were paid; and no doubt, if paid according to her own tariff, Madame Gordeloup would work well for him; but such a tariff as that was altogether beyond his means! It would be imperatively necessary that he should come to some distinct settlement with her as to price. The twenty pounds, of course, were gone; but would it not be better that he should come to some final understanding with her before he gave her the further fifty? But then, as he thought of this, he was aware that she was too clever to allow him to do as he desired. If he went into that room with the fifty pounds in his pockets, or in his glove, or, indeed, anywhere about his person, she would have it from him, let his own resolution to make a previous bargain be what it might. His respect for the woman rose almost to veneration, but with the veneration was mixed a strong feeling of fear.

But, in spite of all this, he did venture to triumph a little when he met Doodles at the club. He had employed the Russian spy, and had paid her twenty pounds, and was enrolled in the corps of diplomatic and mysterious personages, who do their work by mysterious agencies. He did not tell Doodles anything about the glove, or the way in which the money was taken from him; but he did say that he was to see the Spy again to-morrow, and that he intended to take with him another present of fifty pounds.

"By George, Clavey, you are going it!" said Doodles, in a voice that was delightfully envious to the ears of Captain Archie. When he heard that envious tone he felt that he was entitled to be triumphant.

From the Saturday Review.

TRIANGULAR FRIENDSHIPS.

To carry on year after year, in anything like a successful and satisfactory manner, even a single friendship, is a work requiring a good deal of care and patience. The difficulty increases in a rapid proportion with every additional friendship. Merely to hold the balance even in one's own mind — to be just in one's judgments of a number of people to whom one is bound by the most various ties of affection and natural affinity, to be constant without prejudice, and accessible without insincerity — is no easy task. But when two or more of one's friends are also each other's friends or acquaintance, a whole new set of difficulties arises. Triangular friendships have their own special charms, not to be enjoyed without encountering special dangers. Somebody has remarked that, when any one of a circle of friends dies, the survivors lose not only the one who is gone, but his share in all the others. Each individual may be considered as an instrument from which no two performers bring out quite the same tone. Those whose perceptions are sufficiently cultivated to recognize the various harmonies of which the same human instrument is capable under different kinds of handling will be familiar with this corollary to the principal loss in such cases. They will know what it is to miss in some surviving friend the moods, the looks, and tones of voice which they themselves have never had the power to elicit, but which have perhaps become doubly dear to them for the sake of the one whose presence used to call them forth. Indeed, the delights of common friendships are too obvious to need description. Every one who cares much about friendships at all must enter into the happiness of seeing two of his friends appreciating and being helpful to each other. But the special dangers attending these triangular or polygonal friendships are less generally recognised; and it is not always easy to decide how they should be met.

The earliest and not the least perplexing is that which arises when, two of A's friends being about to make acquaintance, B questions A about C. Occasionally A may also be called upon to satisfy C's curiosity about B; but this double inquisition is a rare piece of ill-luck, and as, even in that case, the principle is the same, we need not entertain so painful an hypothesis. Suppose, then, simply that A has to prepare B's mind for his introduction to C. Should A, on the gen-

eral principle of avoiding evil-speaking, or from a generous impulse of good-will towards C, say nothing but good of him? The dangers in that case are that B may be disappointed, may consequently like C the less, and may forever after have a lower opinion of A's discrimination. On the other hand, it is possible that B may take A's cue, and things may be made pleasant all round by this little preliminary oiling of the wheels of friendship. Some of the learned are of opinion that the risk of producing disappointment and consequent reaction is so great that A should make it a rule to abstain from any praise of C, and should even, if he be anxious to do C a good turn, speak a little against him to B. The dangers, however of this course are so great that A ought to have the skill of an artist and the self-devotion of a hero before he ventures on it. We will not deny that under those conditions good results may be achieved; but to choose the exact kind and degree of disparagement which will produce a favourable reaction in B's mind in favour of C, is a task to which very few are equal. And there is this great objection to such homeopathic treatment, that, unless the dose administered be really infinitesimal, it may succeed so well as to cost A some of B's regard for him, possibly even C's also. On the whole, we think that in nineteen cases out of twenty A's wisdom will lie in speaking nothing but good of C. The twentieth case will generally be that in which C's faults are either so obvious and so much on the surface that to prepare B for them can but save him a shock, and prevent his taking a discoverer's pleasure in magnifying them, or else of a kind of which, being forewarned, he may steer clear altogether. Such, for instance, are an exacting disposition with regard to small attentions, a want of discretion in repeating things, or irritability on some particular sore point.

But, however carefully and successfully one may have guarded against these dangers, there always remains the risk of disappointment to oneself. It is scarcely possible not to look forward with some pleasure to the admiration and interest one's friends are to feel for each other, or to be quite indifferent when they fail to excite it. Nobody quite likes that even a favourite picture or landscape should fall flat upon beholders who were expected to be delighted with it; how much worse it is to be met with faint praise or unfavourable criticism when one has contrived a meeting which ought to have made two people happy. And yet this happens continually, for it seems really im-

possible to predict who will like whom. It should always be remembered that every human being is an unknown quantity, so that the result of each fresh combination would be incalculable even were it a case of simple addition. But the fact is that characters combine in a manner which is much more like chemical than mechanical combination. Nobody really knows another well enough to predict exactly the way in which he would be affected by any given character; and when it is taken into account that, from the moment of meeting, that other character begins to be modified by his, the problem becomes too intricate for the human understanding. Shrewd guesses may of course be made, but they should never be taken for anything more than guesses. This would at least tend to prevent disappointment. But there are some other curious consequences of this chemical action of characters upon each other. People of very quick sympathies often vary so much in combination with different natures, that to be in the presence at the same time of two who influence them in opposite ways will give them a painful sense of constraint. And this may be the case where there is no insincerity (though insincere persons are, of course, especially liable to be tempted to it), simply from the difficulty of bringing the mind into tune with two very different natures at once; and one of the advantages of triangular friendships is that they afford a subtle test of sincerity. It needs considerable singleness of mind and purpose to live in intimate relations with several people, who are also intimate with each other, so as to be entirely secure from any inharmonious revelations. For it is not only impossible to calculate how people will affect each other, but it is equally so to foretell what will transpire amongst friends. Things repeated to an intimate friend of the person quoted may convey much more than is even understood, much less intended, by the person quoting them. Secrets may even be revealed by those who do not know them, by the accidental mention of some saying or circumstance to others who have the clue to its meaning. And it is curious how impossible it is for two persons, being in possession of the same secret, to conceal that fact from each other. A look, a tone of voice, even silence, may destroy the isolation in a moment. In short, if it is "a tangled web we weave, when first we practice to deceive," it may be said that the web with which we have to do in belonging to a circle of intimate friends is so intricate that we cannot afford to tangle it, and can only avoid

doing so by entire sincerity and singlemindedness.

Sincerity, however, is only in the nature of defensive armour, and not enough even of that. To steer successfully through all the intricacies of the situation, much judgment and delicacy are needed; and there is room for many good offices of a positive kind. One of the most important instruments for rendering such services in skilful hands, is the repetition in the proper quarter, and at the right time, of things which should be conveyed, but which cannot be directly said by the first speaker, to those whom they concern. When one considers how much may be cleared up, how many useful hints suggested, and how much pleasure may be given in this way, one scarcely feels that any one who does not make a practice of forwarding these waifs and strays to their destination can be acquitted of culpable negligence. But it must be done very prudently; it is emphatically one of the cases in which "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Some persons have a great power, which may easily become a snare to them, of seeing people through the eyes of others. This power is valuable very much in proportion to the degree in which it is voluntary, and consciously exercised. If through sympathy with a friend I am able, in addition to my own observation of some one else, to see that third person from my friend's point of view, I manifestly gain a fuller apprehension of his character than I could by myself. It is a sort of binocular arrangement, the result of which is to my unassisted judgment what the stereoscope is to the ordinary photograph, and it is only fair to my friend to note and remember the different appearance of the character in question as seen from his point of view. But the moment I begin to be unconsciously influenced by my friend's judgment, I confound instead of combining the two images, and am liable to be carried away blindfold to a height of admiration from which, when left to my own resources, I may drop into a dismal swamp of disgust; or, on the other hand, I may be cheated out of what would have been meat to me merely because it happens to be poison to my friend. In this second case, however, it must be owned that to be quite independent may cost one something. It is probably not pleasant to eat pork among Jews, nor is it altogether agreeable to associate in a friendly manner with the most estimable persons, in presence of those who contemn and dislike them.

Few things are more trying than to be

From the Saturday Review.

HERO-WORSHIP.

mixed up in a quarrel, or even a misunderstanding, between two people for whom one has much regard. If one side is clearly right, one must either give up the other friend, or at least lose some of one's good opinion of him. If they are, as the landlord of the public-house in *Silas Marner* habitually considered his customers, "both right and both wrong," one is in a cleft stick between them, and has to suffer for both. To be in such a cleft stick is certainly a very instructive, though very unpleasant, experience. It teaches one, perhaps more effectually than anything else can, the natural history of misunderstandings, how different the two sides of the shield look, and how impossible it is to explain in words a difference of aspect which has shifted the meaning of the words themselves. The better one understands the point of view of each party, the more clearly one sees the impossibility of their understanding each other. Indeed a few such lessons are enough to make a very cautious or sensitive person with many friends (and such a combination is not impossible) long for some such charm as that which Vivien coaxed Merlin into giving her: —

The which, if any wrought on any one
With woven paces and with waving arms,
The man so wrought on ever seemed to lie
Closed in the four walls of a hollow tower
From which was no escape for evermore,
And none could find that man for evermore,
Nor could he see but him who wrought the
charm

Coming and going; and he lay as dead,
And lost to life and use and name and fame.

But if no one cares to promote one's friends' happiness, one would not willingly, even for a quiet life, throw away the many opportunities which, as the apex of a triangle, one possesses of bringing them into closer and more harmonious relations with each other. It is wonderful how much may be done in this way by an affectionate and clear-sighted friend who has the will and the leisure to watch for opportunities of interpreting people to each other, of removing accidental causes of misunderstanding, and of infusing fresh life and warmth into their relations by the contagion of a hearty appreciation. Those who are duly qualified for such offices are not likely to think the risk of appearing to meddle, or the certainty of a good deal of annoyance and disappointment, too great a price to pay for a reasonable degree of success.

ALL children, almost all young women, and a great many young men, are hero-worshippers; but there are few hero-worshippers who are old men, while the exact age at which hero-worship disappears out of the category of human foibles cannot be laid down with precision. Probably hero-worship must rank among the other victims of the great iconoclast, Middle Age. About the same time that the digestion gives way, many romantic tendencies take wing, and this possibly among the number. A few Colonel Newcomes remain idolators to the very end; here and there is to be seen an occasional Uncle Toby; one or two grey-haired old gentlemen still adore the name of some living Duke of Wellington; and, in the same way, even old ladies sometimes preserve a hero embalmed in recollection, without being interrupted in their devotion to his memory by a sharp sense of his defects. But heroes, as a rule, belong to the age of delightful irresolution. Mr. Thackeray used to portray with wonderful subtlety the glow and vitality of hero-worship in hot unthinking youth, its decline in the cynic or the epicurean of middle life, and its extinction in the lean and slumped pantaloon. The moral he taught was usually this, that we ought to worship heroes sometimes, or we shall never worship them at all. And this is true enough. All castles in the air are pretty sure to be blown up at last, and Bayards, Galahads, and Launcelots in profusion will one day be buried hopelessly under the ruins.

Two opposite processes seem always in operation with respect to heroes. The human imagination is continually creating them, and, as fast as imagination turns them out, experience works away upon the counter-occupation of destroying them. By far the greater part of the literature of any particular time is devoted almost exclusively to the manufacture. Each votary worships in his own peculiar way, but the *cultus* is common to all. Every now and then we praise a poet for the nobility of conception he has displayed in the painting of some one or other of his characters. This only means that he has been at work making heroes upon paper, just as a boy makes his paper boats, only that paper heroes have a real influence upon the world, and that we happen to approve of the specimens of hero which the writer puts up for our approba-

tion. Novelists, again, are only hero-makers who compose in prose, instead of metre and rhyme, and most fictions that are destined to be permanent contain some pattern of humanity upon whose delineation the author has expended all his energy and power. And if we did not know what history contributes to the gallery of manufactured heroes, Mr. Carlyle would have written in vain. History is, in her very essence, as persistent and designing a manufacturer as either poetry or romance. One purpose that history serves may be perhaps to furnish us with a sort of broken and untrustworthy mirror of the future, which never represents or repeats the past, but which often bears just enough resemblance to the past to make the records of the past practically useful for our guidance. But this is by no means all that history does, or is made to do by ingenious and able moralists. They make, and intentionally make, heroes out of real men and women by throwing out the characters they write of into bold relief. What often prevents people from being heroes to us in actual life is some little personal foible or habit which irritates us when they are with us, and causes us to dislike their company, and eventually to look on their virtues or attainments with a disparaging eye. For a long time we have been, perhaps, in the habit of thinking with profound admiration of some famous man. At last the time arrives when we are introduced to him, and we observe with horror and dissatisfaction that he snuffles while he talks, or that he takes snuff, or that his temper is deplorable, or that he makes a sad hash over his aspirates. We grow tired of sitting in the room with him, and whenever we call up his image again in our minds, the act of memory is attended with disagreeable associations. Young ladies of an impulsive and sentimental turn are subject to a good many such terrible calamities. They discover that the poet of whom they have always been so full does not brush his hair, or is overbearing and snappish to his wife; and though they are too chivalrous in their friendships to allow the outer world to see their disappointment, and resolutely maintain in public to the last that it can be of no real consequence whether a hero brushes his hair or not, and that it must be the hero's wife who is in the wrong, the sad experience does nevertheless leave a secret bitterness behind it in their hearts. A fat and unkempt hero cannot ever again be the same as that grand and stately and intellectual-looking creature which their fancy

once painted. The vast advantage which history has in this respect is that historical heroes seldom aggravate us. Whether or not Mr. Cobden dropped his aspirates is a matter which posterity will consider perfectly unimportant. Nobody now dislikes the great Napoleon any more for taking snuff. Wordsworth went about dressed like a farmer of the Westmoreland lakes, and Dr. Johnson ate voraciously and never tied his shoes; but Dr. Johnson's *præterhuman* greediness and Mr. Wordsworth's dress vex none of their respective admirers. When one is too close to men and women, and is living constantly with them, it is difficult, if not impossible, not to fix one's attention from day to day on peccadilloes or peculiarities which bear no genuine proportion to the great outline or sum total, or clear purpose of their lives. The proverb that no man is a hero to his valet is merely a rough and vulgar way of expressing this indisputable truth; for it is not merely a valet who is incapable of summing up and grasping as a whole the qualities of his master. Characters, like mountains, only become intelligible, or indeed visible, when they recede a little into the distance; and the daily life of all heroes must of necessity be overlaid with trivialities that prevent near spectators from understanding the vigorous completeness of the heroes as a whole. History, literature, and fiction are thus for ever doing one thing, while the sensitive experience of every day inclines us to do the contrary. The latter brings us into awkward proximity to the crust and the flaws of the statue, which, when placed a little further off, will attract admiration up to the full of its deserts.

The use of imagination, in constructing heroes for us to worship while we are young and inexperienced, is on a par with many similar benefits conferred upon us by the same mental faculty or power. The process of idealizing is a common one even for back as childhood, and very early in life we begin to idealize both men and things. Nature seems, to speak popularly, to have her own object in bestowing this capacity upon the young. The things that are most advantageous both for our physical and moral growth would never be done at all if we were not in a sort of way deceived and cheated into doing them. If boys did not regard hoops and balls and marbles as so many splendid and invaluable treasures, they would never gain health in the chase of them; and if a prize at school or college were seen in the light in which such distinctions appear to people of maturer age,

knowledge would scarcely of itself have sufficient charms to entice the volatile young philosopher into the pursuit of it. And, in the same manner, it may be said that, but for hero-worship, the world would be a poor place, and few great actions would be attempted, and few noble characters would be gradually formed. It has been remarked with truth how many illustrious actors on the world's stage have been fond of Plutarch's Lives, nor can it be doubted for a moment that the narrative of one great man has a tendency to make another. Anybody who has had anything to say to education must be aware of the magical influence, in all training and discipline, of such histories. A hero, as drawn in literature, is generally a picture of one or two considerable virtues, such as bravery, generosity, or patience, underneath which the name of some real human being is written. Each of the gods of ancient Rome and Greece may be taken to stand as a representative and type of some particular quality; and the heroes and heroines of ancient and modern history are only the ancient gods and goddesses over again, dressed in later fashions to suit the exigencies of the time, and to make it easier for us to believe in their existence. Aristides is fully as much justice as Diana with her crescent moon was purity. Mary Queen of Scots and Marie-Antoinette are beauty in distress, as Venus wounded by the spear of Diomede was two thousand years before. Julius Cæsar and Mars are only different ways of embodying the ideas of victory and audacity of war; and whether we call amorous Majesty Henry VIII. with Mr. Froude, or Jupiter with Homer and with Lemprière's Dictionary, the effect produced upon the juvenile imagination is identical. The jealous and powerful and acrimonious Juno fulfils the same part as Queen Elizabeth for purposes of education, and Minerva with her owl does not stand more completely for wisdom than Sir Walter Raleigh does for magnanimity, and Christopher Columbus for adventure. No boy who is worth his salt fails to class Robinson Crusoe, landing in the middle of the surf upon his desert island, with Ulysses placed by Homeric tempests in a similar condition, or to think of the *Cyropædia* in connection or contrast with the veracious history of Tom Brown. The task which history, fiction, and poetry accomplish is accordingly similar in each case, and this task or mission is a meritorious one. They all place the various virtues that are within the reach of human attainment in a personal and interesting light. Each of them has its special age or

sex to whose necessities it is more peculiarly suited. When we cease to believe in the reality of Homeric heroes and heroines, History steps in with a dish accommodated to the exact stage of our credulity, and gives us Cromwells and Charlemagnes to live and thrive upon. And lest dull and prosaic experience should make us incredulous of historic virtue, Fiction is always at hand with an endless bill of fare suited to the most fanciful and fastidious appetite. Thanks to its wise frauds, young women believe in the unalterable constancy of the passions till long after they have arrived at a marriageable age; and men who are never honest or unselfish themselves, and who are sceptical as to the honesty or unselfishness of their friends and acquaintances, and do not hesitate to act upon their scepticism whenever action is necessary, are gently induced by Mr. Dickens, or Mr. Thackeray, or Mr. Trollope, to continue in the vague belief that honesty and unselfishness must exist somewhere, when they read about them so constantly upon paper.

The full proof of the value of this idealizing, or hero-worship, while it lasts, is to be found in the unquestionable fact that when the power of worshipping heroes leaves us, the character soon ceases to improve. Unhappily this is a tolerably palpable phenomenon, and no extensive familiarity with human nature is required to bring it to our notice. Some men, perhaps, have a power of going on from better to better till they die, and of developing fresh good points every year, as a tree every autumn produces its annual growth of fresh fruit. The good points so developed are commonly those which result from an enlarged acquaintance with life. Perhaps they have seen many men and many men's opinions, or, as Burke said of himself, they have read the book of life a great deal and other books a little. This helps them to be tolerant of the thoughts, or even of the vanities and vices, of others into collision or contact with whom they are thrown. They do not feel so angry as they once did with Mr. Bright, or so fierce against M. Comte, or so incapable of admitting the bright side of the theologians or politicians or philosophers with whom they disagree. Their temper and disposition has mellowed as their intellectual store has increased. But this kind of improvement is an offshoot of their general mental growth, not so much the result of their morality. It is far more rare to find an increase in the virtues which produce great deeds — virtues which for the most part are the consequence of the cultivation of generous and disinter-

ested sentiment. If a man is not courageous or unselfish or magnanimous at forty, he is not likely to be so at sixty or at seventy. As soon as he has destroyed all his idols of both sexes, his growth in these directions stops short, and when he burns no more incense to any hero or heroine, his capacity for becoming a hero himself deserts him. Hero-worship, therefore, confined within reasonable limits, is the salt of life, and though it may be an inevitable law that sooner or later we find out the hollowness, not merely of our dreams, but of our idols, the approach of the inexorable hour when we shall do so is the approach, for most of us, of a period of moral stagnation, if not of moral decline.

From the Spectator, 1 Sept.

THE SHARE OF THE PRUSSIAN LIBERALS IN THE VICTORY OF GERMANY.

THE more brilliant and conspicuous agents in a great political revolution always get more than their proportionate share of the credit of their performances. This may even have been the case with Count Cavour, to whom no doubt, far more than to any one man except Mazzini, and intellectually far more than to Mazzini himself, Italy owes her unity. Yet had not almost all Italians been in a slight degree what Cavour was in the highest degree, had they not almost all shared his purposes, and in some degree even his powers, had there not been a diffused tenacity of purpose, subtlety of intellect, and farsightedness of patience in them, as in him, Cavour would never have achieved or even attempted his great task. And what is in some degree true of Cavour is in a very large degree true of Count Bismark. His power no doubt is great. He has estimated truly the paramount importance, in a country of too fluid intellect like Prussia, of securing a good hard kernel in a perfectly organized military system. He has known how to select his instruments well. In Count Moltke he has had the fortune to light upon a man of real genius as a General, he has played off Austria against the Legitimist prejudices of the King with consummate skill. He even managed his quarrel with the House of Deputies so as to increase his own power with his master, and gain a more complete influence in shaping his policy. All this he has done, and it is

idle to speculate whether a truly Liberal Minister in Count Bismark's place could have accomplished by other means what he has accomplished by the unscrupulous but judicious use of force. People believe in the brilliant results they see; and are not likely to believe in an equally brilliant or more brilliant *Might-have-been*, resulting from a quite different policy. But admitting in the highest degree the capacity which Count Bismark has shown, and the magnitude of his share in the unification of North Germany, it is yet a gross exaggeration of the intellectual credit (if we are to call it so) due to the principal actor in the recent drama to forget, as we are all forgetting, how much even of the brilliant success of the present moment is due to the able and obstinate persistency of the great Liberal majority in the Prussian Chamber of Deputies during the last few years of struggle. Count Bismark, though he has played the winning game, is perfectly aware that he can win at last only by concession of the greatest point at issue; nay, more, he is aware that it is only by the aid of the very party whom he has hitherto so strenuously snubbed and opposed that he can even now reap the harvest of success he has within his reach. Let us look only at the position of Prussia at the moment when peace with Austria was signed, and consider for a moment how much of the glory of that position is due, not to the brilliant Minister who has waged the war and extorted an indemnity even from his old adversaries at home, but to those comparatively insignificant adversaries themselves who have exercised so explicitly and with so much dignified reserve the prerogative of forgiveness, and who are obviously now to be made the most important of Count Bismark's allies and *collaborateurs* in what yet remains to be done.

In the first place, then, it is due to the Liberals in the late assembly of Prussian Deputies, and probably to them alone, that so many in the newly annexed States demand their incorporation with the Prussian monarchy, and value so highly the promise of an immediate share in the Prussian Constitution. Had the assembly permitted itself to be worsted in the long struggle on the budget on which it has now won a final and express victory, — clinched by the formal adoption of a mild but explicit censure on the Government of King William, which that Government respectfully submits to in accepting the offered indemnity, — had it, in short, been the mere passive instrument of a despotic government, it is quite certain

that the States of North Germany, instead of dropping almost like ripe fruit into the hand of Prussia, would be a nest of popular intrigues against the successful invader. though it is the hand of Count Bismarck which has overcome the official obstacles to annexation, it is the conduct of the majority in the Prussian Parliament which has rendered so large a number of the people of these minor States *willing* to cast in their lot with Prussia. When Count Schwerin and his friends pointed out in the recent debate that, were the extension of the Prussian Constitution to the newly annexed States to be delayed beyond a single year, those countries, deprived of their political rights and freedom, would soon swarm with disaffection, Count Bismarck had himself to admit the danger thus pointed out, and to promise that they should not be subjected to the indignity of a merely military administration by the Crown beyond the shortest term absolutely necessary to initiate the new *régime*. Yet had the conquest been made — and it would not have been nearly so easily made — by the army of Prussia alone, and the Prussian Constitution been confessedly a cipher, no prospect but that of a military administration, such as Prussia has wielded in Schleswig since the conquest could have been opened out to the annexed States. It was the belief that in being united to Prussia the people of the new States would be able to join their forces to that of the trustworthy and well tried band of Prussian Liberals, who had resisted so many temptations and threats through many years' campaign, which reconciled those States to the new *régime*; and this Count Bismarck virtually and very wisely acknowledges when he promises that there shall be no unnecessary delay in giving the new populations all the political privileges of Prussians. Even now he admits, with his usual boldness, that there will be much disaffection, and perhaps many attempts to win back the territory gained. Prussia, he blurted out, might still have to fight once more for what she had gained. But he knows well that the element of loyalty in the new acquisitions consists in loyalty to the Prussian Parliament, in desire for the political privileges of Prussians under the Constitution, and not in loyalty to the Prussian Crown. And if Prussian political privileges are worth anything — and all agree that they are worth much — it is the labours of the Liberal Prussian Deputies that have given them that worth. The steady, though apparently fruitless, resistance of years, for which Count Bismarck

now openly evinces his respect in accepting censure and pardon at the hands of his late adversaries, did in fact effect this much, that it made the Parliament of Prussia a political reality, attracting to itself large sympathy in all the other States of Germany; and probably the King is now heartily congratulating himself that he never took the last step of hostility towards his recusant Parliament, by openly suppressing it, and tearing up the Constitution to which he had sworn. If rumour says right that this was what Count Bismarck often advised his master to do, he must feel in some respects thankful that the King was *not* altogether "what he would have been if the Minister had had the making of him." Unquestionably the position of Prussia is now for all purposes infinitely stronger than it could have been had the alternative been between a North Germany ruled by a despotic military administration and the grant of a bran new constitution, in the working of which no one would have had any real confidence.

Nor is it only in relation to the States now annexed that the Prussian Liberals have earned much of the splendid fruits of the present crisis. In the German Parliament which is about to assemble in Hanover or Berlin, Count Bismarck would have little chance of securing the favour which he will no doubt find for his policy, could he not send amongst them a well tried body of thorough Prussian Radicals, who are well known never to have deferred to his own reactionary views, and who are yet disposed, since his recent concessions, to co-operate with him in extending the area of German unity. We have only just learned, from that old letter by the present King of Prussia which has just seen the light concerning the imperial-revolutionary scheme of German unity sketched out in 1849, how mere a shadow a revolutionary Parliament would have made of the Emperor of Germany, if such a Parliament had assembled in a mood of purely Fatherland enthusiasm, and without any experience and political self-reliance of its own on the one side, or any disposition to trust its proposed Emperor on the other. Had Count Bismarck been obliged to summon a German Parliament without winning first the confidence of the majority of the popular leaders in Prussia, it would have assembled in the very same mood in which it assembled in 1849, — one of double distrust, both distrust in its own power to bind the royal prerogative, and distrust in the royal person whom it proposed to bind. And, there-

fore, we may be sure its proposals would have been wild and impracticable, inefficient to carry the common sense of Germany with it, and therefore also incompetent to aid materially him who summoned it in cementing German unity. But now there will be in the German Parliament a body of Prussian Liberals who have waged a long war, and on the whole won it, against the royal prerogative, and who are yet satisfied to limit and check rather than abolish that prerogative, and to use it as the centre of unity and kernel of administrative strength for Germany. These men, we may be sure, will command immense weight. The Parliament which is to meet will be no more debating club of wild oratory, such as sat at Frankfort seventeen years ago. Saxony is already fretting at the arbitrary decree which separates her fate from that of the rest of Germany. Even in Baden and Wurtemburg there are popular meetings to demand unity with Prussia. On materials such as these the German Parliament, ably led by Prussians who have the fullest confidence of the people, will work with no insignificant result, we may be sure. And thus not only for what has been already achieved, but for the extension of those achievements in the future, Germany is beholden certainly not less to the noble party of Prussian Liberals, who through ill report and good report stuck to their principles in the face of all Count Bismarck's threats and temptations, than to the genius of the Minister who has found the physical means for breaking down the rotten party-walls between State and State of the great German nation.

From the Saturday Review.

HOOKER'S ECCLESIASTICAL POLITY.*

If the value of Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity* be considered in relation to the age and the state of thought prevalent at the time of its appearance, it will perhaps be considered one of the most remarkable books in English literature. It may, indeed, be said to have contained in itself the germ from which several characteristically English schools of thought ultimately grew. It may be convenient just to mention that Hooker was born in 1553 at Exeter, and died at his

living of Borne, three miles from Canterbury, in the year 1600, and probably in the month of November. His lifetime thus coincided very nearly with the reign of Queen Elizabeth (1556-1603), and with the second great outburst of Protestantism which began after the Diet of Augsburg in 1555, and was thrown back in the later part of the century by the efforts of the Jesuits, aided by the Roman Catholic sovereigns, and especially by Phillip II. Hooker's earlier impressions must thus have been those of hope and victory. He belonged to the party of progress in the greatest crisis which the world had then seen for many centuries—a greater crisis in some respects than any which has followed it. In his later years, on the other hand, he must to some extent have felt himself more or less upon the defensive, though the firmness with which Protestantism was settled in England, and the slightness of the communication with foreign countries which existed in those days in comparison with what exists at present, may have prevented him from perceiving the full force of the turn in the tide.

The *Ecclesiastical Polity* has, so to speak, a triple aspect. It is at once a philosophical, a theological, and a political treatise; and in order to do justice to the importance of this, we ought to remember how vast a change had at that time come over the literature of all Europe, and especially over that of England. It was the age of the great revival of letters, and books were just beginning to be published which were constructed on the classical rather than on the scholastic model. All that we now understand by moral science—metaphysics, logic, theology, law in all its various applications—had for centuries been treated as so many branches of theology, and had been investigated, if at all, by the scholastic methods. Hooker was the first great English writer who broke through these fetters, except for exclusively controversial purposes; and although he had in other parts of Europe a few predecessors—as, for instance, Machiavel—and a few contemporaries, as Bodin and Montaigne, he is undoubtedly entitled to a leading place in the class of literature to which he belonged. Nor must it be forgotten that there were peculiarities in his situation as an Englishman which gave a degree of practical importance to his writings that belonged to those of no other man till we come to Grotius, in the next generation. The Church of England, the theory of which he did so much to form and to enunciate, was an almost unique institution. It was the most important of the Protestant

* *Eight Books of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity.* By Richard Hooker.

bodies. Its constitution had more comprehensive aims, and was constructed on more statesmanlike principles, than that of any other church, and it was much more closely connected than any other with the active political life of a great nation. Our own experience has shown us in many different ways how all English speculation is affected by the closeness of its relation to practice. This gives it on the one side great vigour and originality, and, on the other, a fondness for details, and an adaptation to immediate results, which more or less hampers and narrows it. This peculiarity is to be traced more or less in all our great writers, and we know of no one in whom it is more conspicuous than in Hooker. Sometimes we find him discoursing about the essence of law and the broadest principles of morals; and then, again, we fall upon endless discussions with Cartwright as to the pettiest of petty matters—the turn of some particular phrase, or the propriety of some small ceremony in the Prayer-Book. Of all the limitations which his character as an Englishman imposed upon him as on other English theological writers, none probably has detracted more from the permanent value of Hooker's writings, and from those of others like him, than the necessity of writing controversy. Most of our great theological books are more or less controversial, and though this occasionally gives them surprising spirit and precision, it certainly impedes the flow and development of their authors' thoughts, and encumbers their books with a great deal of matter the interest of which, such as it was, has entirely died away. Most readers of Hooker must have got very much tired of Cartwright and his errors, but it is fair to say that few, if any, controversial books are so little disfigured with the polemical spirit as the *Ecclesiastical Polity*. Upon the whole, it may be viewed as the first great effort made in modern times to give the full theory of a great institution, to show the ideal principles upon which it was founded, and to vindicate its substantial agreement with that ideal. The number of books even now which can claim such a character is by no means great, and in that day it stood almost alone.

Taking this view in general of the character and position of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, we will now attempt to give some sort of sketch of what we have called its triple aspect—its aspect, namely, towards philosophy, towards theology, and towards polities—and to show how the principles which its author inculcated have been rep-

resented in the subsequent history of the Church and State of England. The work falls naturally into three great divisions. The first contains the first and second books, though perhaps the second book might with more propriety be put in the second division. The second contains the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh books; and the third the eighth. These divisions may not unfairly be taken to represent the three aspects of which we have already spoken—the philosophical, the theological, and the political respectively—though the seventh book is closely connected with the eighth.

The first book of Hooker is well known to every one who has anything like a competent acquaintance with English literature. Perhaps its most remarkable quality is its extraordinary poetical power. The magnificent sentences with which it ends sum up its doctrine with such an incomparable majesty and nobility of phrase that we shall be pardoned for repeating them, familiar as they are:—

Wherefore that here we may briefly end: of law there can be no less acknowledged than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world: all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power: both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy.

This, it is hardly necessary to say, is the keynote of Hooker. The Law of Nature is his name for that majestic order which he believed to reign over all things, divine and human, and to conform to which is the great object of human life:—

All things do work, after a sort, according to law; all other things according to a law whereof of some superior unto whom they are subject is the author; only the works and operations of God have him both for their worker, and for the law whereby they are wrought. The being of God is a kind of law to his working, for that perfection which God is giveth perfection to that he doth.

After much of this mystical and marvelously eloquent extolling of the ultimate principles of morals as being, so to speak, identified with the Divine existence—in which both the style and the thought often recall Bossuet—Hooker goes on to show how, in all created and imperfect beings, there is “an appetite or desire where-

by they incline to something which they may be, which as yet they are not in act." They are thus moved to seek their law, or the rule of their conduct, for "that which doth assign unto each thing the kind, that which doth moderate the force and power, that which doth appoint the form and measure of working, the same we term a law." Reason enables them to do so, and therefore "the sentence that reason giveth concerning the goodness of those things that they are to do" is "the rule of voluntary agents upon earth." Its main principles are self-evident, and the rest are to be discovered by deduction from them. This natural or rational law is, according to Hooker, the very foundation of all consistent conduct, and is, as a matter of fact, universal with but few, and those insignificant, exceptions; and the highest of all the laws which reason discovers is the love of God. "Something there must be desired for itself simply, and for no other," and this must be infinite, otherwise it could not be infinitely desired. "No good is infinite but only God, therefore he is our felicity and bliss." The Scriptures are a supernatural law forming a complement to the law of nature, and resting on and guaranteed by it.

The second book is an argument to refute the Puritanical view of the Bible as being a cyclopædia of all knowledge and all truth, so that nothing could be affirmed to be right or to be a duty which could not be expressly proved to be such out of the Bible. Few passages in the whole work are more interesting or vigorous than that in which this opinion is denounced: —

Admit this, and mark, I beseech you, what would follow. God, in delivering Scripture to his church, should clean have abrogated amongst them the law of nature, which is an infallible knowledge imprinted in the minds of all the children of men, whereby both general principles for directing of human actions are comprehended and conclusions derived from them; upon which conclusions growth in particularity the choice of good and evil in the daily affairs of this life. Admit this, and what shall the Scripture be but a snare and a torment to weak consciences, filling them with infinite perplexities, scruples, doubts insoluble, and extreme despairs.

After denouncing this doctrine, Hooker goes on to describe at length the objects for which, in his opinion, the Bible was written. He views it throughout as being the natural ally of reason, resting itself for its authority on reason, whereby alone its

true character could possibly be proved. "The authority of man, if we mark it, is the key which openeth the door of entrance into the knowledge of the Scripture."

These, amplified and illustrated in various ways, are the points which form the philosophical introduction to Hooker's great work. Their connection with the rest of the book is by no means altogether clear, but we agree with Mr. Hallam in thinking that Hooker's object was to lay a foundation for his distinction between laws which are and laws which are not of perpetual obligation, and to reach the conclusion which is the fundamental principle of his whole work, that the laws of Church government are mutable and temporary. For it follows, from his view of the case, that those laws only are of perpetual obligation which can be shown to exist by self-evident principles of reason, or which are declared perpetual by express revelation contained in Scripture itself.

Whatever was the connection of the first book of Hooker with the remainder of the work, its connection with the subsequent course of moral and political speculation in England was most important, and is sufficiently manifest in all the great Church of England theologians. The doctrine, thrown into a very few words, is, indeed, nothing else than that the ultimate tests of moral and religious truth are conscience and reason. They are to be applied to all subjects, and especially to all subjects connected with Church government, using for their instruction all other knowledge that may be available, and especially the experience of past times, but using it in the spirit not of servility to a tradition, but of free inquiry applied to a profoundly interesting branch of knowledge, and employed in solving one of the most difficult of all the problems of the art of government. Hooker preaches this doctrine with a degree ofunction and enthusiasm which it seldom excites, but which in him was obviously sincere, and quite natural. The effect of this great example on the subsequent course of speculation in the Church of England has been prodigious. It has supplied the High Church school from Laud downwards with those affinities to liberalism of which it has never altogether lost the tradition, and it gave the first example of another kind of religious speculation which has been far more powerful and more widely influential. It would be difficult to say whether Laud or Chillingworth had most in common with Hooker, and both Laud and Chillingworth stand at the head of a long line of intel-

lectual and spiritual descendants. Hooker's liberalism deserves to fully appreciated, and we will accordingly give a few short passages from his writings which show how strong it was, and how directly it led to the well-known and more systematic liberalism of Chillingworth. Take, for instance, his appreciation of Aristotle:—

When once [the soul of man] comprehendeth anything above [things of inferior quality] as the differences of time, affirmations, negations, and contradictions in speech, we then count it to have some use of natural reason; whereunto, if afterward there might be added the right helps of true art and learning, there would undoubtedly be almost as great difference in maturity of judgment between men therewith inured and that which now men are as between men that are now and innocents. Which speech if any condemn as being hyperbolical let them but consider this one thing; no art is at the first finding out so perfect as industry may after make it; yet the very first man that to any purpose knew the way we speak of and followed it hath surely performed more in very near all parts of natural knowledge than sit henc in any one part thereof the whole besides hath done.

Or take these general principles:—

The mind of man desireth evermore to know the truth according to the most infallible certainty which the nature of things can yield. Where we cannot attain unto this, then what appeareth to be true by strong and invincible demonstration, such as wherein it is not by any way possible to be deceived, thereunto the mind doth necessarily assent, neither is it in the choice thereof to do otherwise. And in case these both do fail, then, which way greatest probability thither the mind doth evermore incline. Scripture being with Christian men received as the word of God, that for which we have probable, yea that for which we have necessary reason, yea that which we see with our eyes is not thought so sure as that which the Scripture of God teacheth. . . . Now it is not required, nor can be exacted, at our hands that we should yield unto anything other assent than such as doth answer the evidence which is to be had of that we assent unto. . . . For men to be tied and led by authority, as it were, with a kind of captivity of judgment, and though there be reason to the contrary not to listen unto it, but to follow like beasts the first in the herd, they know not nor care not whether, this were brutish. Again, that authority of men should prevail with men either against or above reason is no part of our belief. Companies of learned men, be they never so great and reverend, are to yield unto reason, the weight whereof is no whit prejudiced by the simplicity of the person which doth allege it; but being found to be sound and good, the

bare opinion of men to the contrary must of necessity stoop and give place.

Much of course might be said against Hooker's theories, if we look at them in a critical spirit. His language is by no means exact, and it is a serious defect in his theory that he does not habitually feel, though he sometimes refers to, the distinction between a law and a moral principle. It is not quite unfair to say of him that it is hard to understand how, according to his principles, there can be such things as bad laws; but there are far more important things in the world than the gift of an accurate use of language, and Hooker ought rather to be valued for the richness and magnanimity of his thoughts than blamed for their occasional vagueness—a vagueness perhaps inseparable from that love of the classics and revolt from scholasticism for which he was so remarkable. As was natural in a writer of that age, his view of logic was essentially scholastic and imperfect. He supposed that knowledge might be indefinitely increased by arguing from self-evident first principles. "In all parts of knowledge, rightly so termed, things most general are most strong. Thus it must be, inasmuch as the certainty of our persuasion touching particulars dependeth altogether upon the credit of those generalities out of which they grow." According to our modern views of the nature of knowledge, this was a mistake; but it was one which in Hooker's age was a mistake on the right side, inasmuch as it tended to strengthen men's belief in the powers of their own minds, in the fixed and immutable character of truth, and in the possibility of attaining to it by the efforts of reason. Hooker affords in this respect a splendid contrast to Montaigne and Pascal, and stands on similar ground with Bossuet, though his conclusions were sufficiently dissimilar, and in our opinion much more rational and consistent. It may not be generally known that Hooker enunciates in so many words a maxim much and justly quoted in our own times:—"No truth can contradict any other truth."

The second aspect of Hooker is his theological aspect. We shall say but little of this, although the theological part of the book is much the largest part of it. It fills the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, and, perhaps the seventh book (on Episcopacy). The third is by far the most interesting. Its object is to prove that there is no ground for the assumption that Scripture must of necessity prescribe a form of Church government. The essence of the book is that

Church government is a matter of expediency, like the government of the State, that it belongs to that class of laws which are mutable, according to the circumstances to which they apply, and that we are to ascertain from past history, and from other general considerations, what laws are best suited to the circumstances of particular churches. The following sentences are as emphatic as any in the book:—

For preservation of Christianity there is not anything more needful than that such as are of the visible Church have mutual fellowship and society with each other. . . . The Catholic Church is divided into a number of distinct societies, every one of which is termed a church within itself. . . . A church is a number of men belonging unto some Christian fellowship, the place and limits whereof are certain. . . . The several societies of Christian men, unto every of which the name of a Church is given, must be endued with correspondent general properties belonging unto them as they are public Christian societies. And of such properties common with all societies Christian, it may not be denied that one of the very chiefeſt is ecclesiastical polity.

After an elaborate refutation of the opinion that a system of Church government must necessarily be revealed in Scripture, there follows an argument to show how laws for the "regiment" of the Church may be made by the "advice of men following therein the light of reason," but that these laws, though entitled to obedience whilst they last, are not unchangeable. The next four books are devoted to the justification of the laws actually made for the Church of England. The fourth book is a defence of the Church of England ceremonies against the charge of being Popish; and the fifth, which is far the largest of the whole eight, contains an elaborate vindication of the Church of England on all the points attacked by the Puritans. This is now of little interest to those who content themselves with a general view of such subjects; and the same remark applies to the sixth book, which relates to the Presbyterian "platform" (as it was even then called) of Church government, and to the doctrine and practice of Confession and Absolution. The seventh book, about Bishops, is much more interesting. Its general effect may be shortly described by saying that Hooker carries the dignity and importance of Bishops to the very highest point. He says nothing inconsistent with the belief that their power was of divine institution, and much which rather favours

that view; but upon the whole he rests the case, as against those who attack it, on historical and political grounds. The institution is very old and venerable, perhaps it is of divine origin; at all events, "prelacy must needs be acknowledged exceedingly beneficial in the Church." Such being the case, bishops are entitled to the highest possible honour; Church property is God's property; "ecclesiastical persons are receivers of God's rents, and the honour of prelates is to be thereof his chief receivers, not without liberty from him granted of converting the same unto their own use even in large manner," says the marginal note of section 23. It would be sacrilege to divert these endowments from them and their successors, even if they are unworthy. There is a curious passage at the end of the book which throws some light on the condition of Church property in Hooker's time. After speaking of the diminution of ecclesiastical revenues, he says:—

Doth the residue seem yet excessive? The ways whereby temporal men provide for themselves and their families are foreclosed to us. All that we have to sustain our miserable life with is but a remnant of God's own treasure, so far already diminished and clipped that if there were any sense of common humanity left in this hard-hearted world, the impoverished state of the clergy of God would at the length even of very commiseration be spared. The mean gentleman that hath but a hundred-pound land to live on would not be hasty to change his worldly estate and condition with many of these so over-abounding prelates, a common artisan or tradesman of the city with ordinary pastors of the Church.

On the whole, Hooker's theological attitude is eminently characteristic. He rests everything ultimately on reason and conscience, informed by history and antiquity, but the verdict which in his view is given by history and antiquity is orthodox in the extreme. No one can take more exalted views of the Bible, of the great theological doctrines such as the doctrine of the Trinity, or of the importance of Church government and the dignity of Church officers, though, when carefully examined, the foundations of his theory appear to be capable of supporting quite a different superstructure.

The last aspect in which Hooker is to be regarded is that of a politician. His eighth book is an explanation and vindication of the doctrine of the Royal Supremacy. What he thought upon this subject is not quite so familiar to the world as it ought

to be. He begins by going into the origin of legislative power, as to which he lays down principles of astonishing boldness and vigour. He asserts in express words that the consent of the people at large is the foundation of all lawful authority:—

Unto me it seemeth almost out of doubt and controversy that every independent multitude before any certain form of regiment established hath, under God, supreme authority, full dominion over itself, even as a man not tied with the band of subjection as yet unto any other hath over himself the like power. God creating mankind did endue it naturally with power to guide itself in what kind of society soever he should choose to live.

A form of government being established, those who are governors are so by divine right, but they must recollect that "all kings have not an equal latitude." Whatever kings by conquest may do, "touching kings which were first instituted by agreement and composition made with them over whom they reign, and how far their power may extend, the articles of compact between them are to show"; nor need this compact be express, or made "at the first beginning," for such articles "are for the most part clean worn out of knowledge or else known to very few." The articles may be "by silent allowance famously notified by custom." These "articles," in the case of English kings, are to be found in our ancient laws. "The axioms of our regal government are these:—*Lex facit regem*; the king's grant of any favour made contrary to law is void, "*Rex nihil potest nisi quod jure potest*." After this he goes on to show where, by our English institutions, the power of legislation in all matters temporal and spiritual resides—namely, in Parliament. The Church and State, he says, are one and the same body regarded from different points of view, and its legislature is as competent to make laws on matters spiritual as on matters temporal:—

The Parliament of England, together with the Convocation annexed thereto, is that whereupon the very essence of all government within this kingdom doth depend; it consisteth of the King, and of all that within the land are subject unto him. The Parliament is a court, not so merely temporal as if it might meddle with nothing but only leather and wool.

Bishops and other spiritual persons ought no doubt to be advised with, but nothing but the nation at large can make their resolutions into laws; for this is one of the

passages in which Hooker seizes the true distinction between law and counsel:—

In matters of God, to set down a form of prayer, a solemn confession of the articles of the Christian faith, and ceremonies meet for the exercise of religion, it were unnatural not to think the pastors and bishops of our souls a great deal more fit than men of secular trades and callings; howbeit, when all which the wisdom of all sorts can do is done for the devising of laws in the Church, it is the general consent of all that giveth them the form and vigour of the laws, without which they could be no more to us than the counsel of physicians to the sick. Well might they serve as wholesome admonitions and instructions; but laws could they never be, without the consent of the whole Church to be guided by them; whereunto both nature and the practice of the Church of God set down in Scripture is found every way so fully consonant that God himself would not impose his own laws upon his people by the hand of Moses without their free and open consent.

He proceeds in a strain of noble freedom to point out that the supremacy of the King himself in the "case of making laws resteth principally in a negative voice"; and after showing how the existence of a superior legislative power or dignity is quite consistent with respect to the office and functions of the clergy, he concludes, with admirable courage, that the King is not our lawgiver, the clergy are not our lawgivers; the nation itself and it alone has the right of deciding what are God's laws, and of attaching to them a legal sanction:—

Laws being made amongst us are not by any of us so taken or interpreted as if they did receive their force from power which the prince doth communicate unto the Parliament, or unto any Court under him, but from power which, the whole body of the realm being naturally possessed with, hath, by free and deliberate assent, derived unto him that ruleth over them so far forth as hath been declared.

This is a higher strain of thought and feeling than most people would be prepared for under Queen Elizabeth. These are to us most memorable passages. They show what the Reformation really was, and in what sense and to what a very great extent it is true that the English nation, even at that time, was radically free. Nothing since Hooker's time has been written more soberly and wisely on the origin of government and the general theory of legislation than the passages which we have quoted. We have indeed lost something of their significance, and may need before long to relearn

part of the truth which they contain. We must not, however, lengthen out, by discussing such a subject, an article which is already too long, and we will therefore here close our slight sketch of the first great book in English ecclesiastical literature by saying that, after an interval of 260 years, it still remains very nearly the greatest of them all.

From the Spectator 8th Sept.

PRESIDENT JOHNSON AND THE PHILADELPHIA CONVENTION.

THE admiration with which the policy of President Johnson is contemplated in the greater part of this country is due no doubt to many causes,—to defective knowledge and the consistent misrepresentations of the *Times*,—to the careful suppression in the same journal of the President's own fierce and illiterate orations, the vulgar egotism and turbid rage of which, in their strange contrast to Abraham Lincoln's imperturbable, calm, and lucid impartiality, would alone be sufficient to undermine the confidence of Englishmen,—finally, no doubt, to the violence and scurrility of one or two among the leaders of the great Free-Soil party, whose fanatical outbursts are as carefully registered by the great pro-slavery organ of this country, as the similar violences and vulgarities of the President are carefully suppressed. The consequence is that, according to the almost universal view here, the policy of the President is that wise, that humane, that generous, that magnanimous policy which, as is now believed, the successful meeting of the just separated Philadelphia Convention in support of the President's view promises to carry victoriously through the whole Union. We hold, on the other hand, on grounds which we believe to be as sure as the political principle for which we fought throughout the war, that President Johnson, in alliance, first, with all the warmest partizans of slavery both Southern and Northern, and next, with all that ignoble party among the Northern Republicans, headed by Mr. Seward, Mr. Raymond, and Mr. Thurlow Weed, who would cheerfully ignore either slavery, or the systematic cruelty which has supplanted slavery in the South, for the sake of conciliating the Southern whites to the Union, is endeavouring to "plaster up," as Mr. Johnson himself happily expresses it, a wound which by

the processes he adopts he can never heal,—and that instead of assimilating the Southern to the Northern society by radically extinguishing the evil institution on which the fundamental difference between the two social systems rests, he is doing all in his power to vindicate for the ex-slave-holders the full right to keep as much of the poison of slavery as is consistent with the mere abolition of the name. And not only so; he is doing his best, in conjunction with his unworthy allies, to destroy all the faith placed by those negro soldiers who turned the balance of success in favour of the North, in the honour and the power of the great Republic for which they fought. He is handing them over, bound hand and foot, to the very enemies against whom they fought, who are massacring them day after day without any shadow of excuse but personal hatred and the violence of the mean white class. And when Congress, by virtue of that clause in the Constitutional Amendment, now part of the United States law, which secured itself power to carry out the abolition of slavery "by appropriate legislation," offers the President power to prevent this treachery and wrong, and to secure for a sufficient time to the negroes of every State proper protection and full civil rights, he thrusts it aside with coarse jokes, laughs at the great expense which Congress proposes to lavish on so insignificant an object as keeping faith with four millions of people—the only truly loyal population in the South—and speaks of the *unconditional* right of the late rebels to representation in Congress, though that unconditional right means the unconditional right of the lately rebellious whites to *deny* the negro loyalists all such representation, or rather to seize on that representation in their name, while advocating everything which the negroes most fear and hate.

Nor do we believe that the late Philadelphia Convention will secure for the President that triumph which he, flushed with its compliments to himself, evidently counted on in the vulgar and violent speech which he made to the Deputies of the Convention on the 22nd of August. We admit that its resolutions, like all those which Mr. Thurlow Weed and Mr. Raymond draw, are exceedingly skilful. They do not betray the real aim of the party. They are bad in principle only in asserting as an unconditional right the demand of the Southern States not only to be represented in Congress, but to be represented by persons chosen by the disloyal section of the population, and by that alone, whereas Congress in the recent

Constitutional Amendment had expressly gained the right to prescribe such conditions as would secure practical freedom to the negroes. For the rest, the resolutions are unquestionably skilful enough. They suppress all the real issues. They speak of the war as over, of the debt incurred for the rebellion as for ever forfeited, of the debt incurred by the Federal Government as an inviolable obligation, of the gratitude of the Union to the soldiers of the Northern army, and of the confidence of the new party in President Johnson. And if all these sentiments were really felt by all who sent delegates to the Philadelphia Convention, by the fierce Secessionists of Mississippi and Alabama, by the Copperheads who elected Vallandigham and Fernando Wood, as well as by the trimmers who sent Mr. Thurlow Weed, Mr. Raymond, and Senator Doolittle to the Convention, we should indeed deem this coalition of the powers of evil a formidable one. But how stands the case really? There were three powerful sections in the Convention — the Secessionist section, represented by Governor Orr, General Dick Taylor, and generally the ex-Secessionist statesmen and warriors; the Northern Disunionist or Copperhead section, which has throughout the war favoured the South, represented by Mr. Fernando Wood and Mr. Vallandigham; and lastly, the Renegade Unionist section, who managed the whole alliance, — that of the Unionists who wished to keep slavery as well as union as long as possible, and now wish to salve over the wound by conceding to the Southern fire-eaters, that as they cannot keep their slaves as slaves any longer they shall do absolutely what they please with them, so long as they no longer call them slaves. Now, what is remarkable about the Philadelphia Convention is that the first two sections were absolutely silenced, and the whole business conducted by the third. Secessionist statesmen and generals who admit indeed that they are beaten, but still hold fast by all the ideas of the Southern Confederation, were persuaded to hold their tongues, and not say a word, lest they should spoil all. The Copperheads or Northern sympathizers with the Slaveholders' war were in like manner by immense exertions persuaded to leave the Convention. Mr. Fernando Wood and Mr. Vallandigham were both cajoled, bribed, or spirited away, and, as we said, the only words uttered were uttered by the renegade Unionists. Now, it is clear that the new party is nothing except so far as it is willing to act on the programme of the Convention, — and unless the South is willing to give up

its principles, its memories, everything, on condition only that it shall have full power to tax, fine, imprison, massacre its own negro population just as it pleases without any impediment from Congress. If allowed to do this, it must in return — such is the fact — express gratitude for the safety of the Union, repudiate the Confederate debt, — acknowledge and pay the interest on the Federal debt, confess its obligation to the Union soldiery (including of course the negro armies), and promise to support the patriotic soldiers who have lost health and strength in the great cause of conquering the South.

Are they willing to do this? So far from it, that already all the more important Southern papers are with one voice repudiating the acts of the delegates to the Convention, crying out that the resolutions passed were not unanimous, that so far as they were assented to by the delegates of the South it was against the true feeling of their constituency, and in short positively *raging* against the artificial and temporary alliance which, by the acuteness of one or two wirepullers, seemed to be formed at Philadelphia. Thus, the *Richmond Enquirer* says of the resolutions of the Convention, "We protest, in the name of our people, they be considered no unanimous vote." The *Richmond Examiner* protests against the whole proceedings, and asserts that once more "the South has been left out in the cold," the *Charlottesville Chronicle* ironically remarks that Virginia appears quite willing "to thank the Northern soldiers for shooting her children, and striking her to the ground;" even the *New York Daily News* speaks of the Convention as "the slave of expediency," and says "the South should have sent its women, whose courage never failed." The *Augusta Constitutional* declares the whole Convention "a fraud and a sham," and so one organ after another of true Southern sentiment repudiates with disgust this compromise with the wirepullers of the Northern party. The alliance is as flimsy and as useless for any permanent political purpose as all alliances between men who sacrifice their innermost principles for the sake of a momentary combination against a still more hated foe. The South *cannot* return candidates to Congress capable of acting on the principles of the Philadelphia Convention, — not even for the bribe offered them, — in itself no doubt a very heavy one, — that if they do they shall be left uncontrolled by any laws except their own, to lynch and oppress the emancipated negroes as they please. The evil league cannot last.

It has no bottom in it. Men in the positions of Doolittle, Raymond, and Weed, *cannot*, if they would, act with men who grudge in their hearts every penny which is voted towards the interest of the national debt or the reward of the national army. Men like General Dick Taylor and Governor Orr *cannot*, if they would, act with men who, though "wishing to do the South a pleasure, they gladly leave the negro bound," still do not hesitate for a moment in asserting the hated authority of the President and the central Legislature over the whole South. This short-sighted attempt to patch up a truce on the part of vulgar-minded policy-mongers rather than politicians, who cannot see that there is no true Union possible till there is some moral unity between North and South, has failure written as plainly on its front as though the Philadelphia Convention had been itself, what it would have been but for the skilfully enforced silence, a scene of fierce strife and wrangling.

The President certainly has not contributed to the chances of his party's success by the violent and fierce diatribe in which he indulged against the Congress which has just dispersed. "We have seen this Congress," he says, "pretend to be for the Union when its every step and act tend to perpetuate disunion and make a disruption of the States inevitable. Instead of promoting reconciliation and harmony, its legislation has partaken of the character of penalties, retaliation, and revenge." That, mind, is the President's description of the only two acts of Congress which he thought it his duty to veto, — the Freedmen's Bureau Act, which simply gave him additional powers to protect the poor lynched and persecuted negro in the Southern States, and the Civil Rights Act, which gave the negro all the privileges of a citizen of the United States. This is what this President calls "penalties, retaliation, and revenge." And no doubt as to "penalties" he is right. The severest penalty you could inflict on these Southern free citizens is to make them respect the negro and acknowledge his equal civil rights. Whether it can be called "retaliation and revenge" to enforce respect for a more deeply injured third party on one who has inflicted terrible injuries on yourself, is a metaphysical question which most rational persons would probably answer in the negative. Yet it is interesting to know that Mr. Johnson thinks it a wicked and vindictive policy for the North to avenge *itself* by insisting on bare justice to the freedmen of the South. It is apparently his veto upon this policy which

Mr. Johnson beautifully described, amidst tremendous applause, as "sounding the tocsin of alarm, whenever I saw the citadel of liberty in danger," — really meaning, as it seems to us, whenever he saw any danger of liberty. It is interesting to know, too, that "neither the taunts nor jeers of Congress, nor of a subsidized, calumniating press, can drive me from my purpose," — namely, to "acknowledge no superior except my God, the author of my existence, and the people of the United States." God, he expressly tells us, has already endorsed the platform of Mr. Thurlow Weed and the Philadelphia Convention, so that to Mr. Johnson's own mind the only power that seems capable of moving him from his present policy is that of the people of the United States, if they should happen to repudiate the platform of this discreditable and dishonored league. We believe that the free settlers of the North will yet effect this, having their eyes partly opened by the President's fierce plebeian zeal for the anti-negro party at the South. And if they should, let us hope that Mr. Johnson will still think better of "the author of his existence," than to identify His awful providences with the intrigues of this adroit knot of caucus-managers who have from 1860 to the present time soiled with their vulgar-thoughted cunning the noblest cause for which man ever bled at the distinct signal of the Most High.

From the Spectator, 8 Sept.

THE AWAKENING OF THE CABLE.

THERE can be but few who have read without a certain thrill of fanciful wonder or almost awe, of the strange inarticulate messages which have come at intervals, during the whole year of the lost Atlantic cable's immersion, from the depths of the ocean three miles down, to the electricians watching the end of the clue which was safely attached to the Irish shore. "Night and day," says the *Times*, "for a whole year an electrician has always been on duty watching the tiny ray of light through which signals are given, and twice every day the whole length of wire — 1,240 miles, has been tested for conductivity and insulation. . . . The object of observing the ray of light was of course not any expectation of a message, but simply to keep an accurate record of the condition of

the wire. Sometimes indeed wild incoherent messages from the deep did come, but these were merely the results of magnetic storms and earth currents, which deflected the galvanometer rapidly, and spelt the most extraordinary words and sometimes even sentences of nonsense, upon the graduated scale before the mirror. Suddenly last Saturday morning, at a quarter to six o'clock, while the light was being watched by Mr. May, he observed a peculiar indication about it which showed at once to his experienced eye that a message was at hand. In a few minutes afterwards the unsteady flickering was changed to coherency, if we may use such a term, and at once the cable began to speak,"—to transmit, that is, at regular intervals, the appointed signals which indicated human purpose and method at the other end, instead of the hurried signs, broken speech, and inarticulate cries of the still illiterate Atlantic. When at length the message did come, the 'insulation' and 'conducting power' of the cable so long lost at the bottom of the ocean were found to be even more perfect than those of the new cable just laid down. The messages came through it more distinctly and more rapidly than through the line of communication which has just been successfully completed. After the long interval in which it had brought us nothing but the moody and often delirious mutterings of the sea stammering over its alphabet in vain, the words 'Canning to Glass' must have seemed like the first rational word uttered by a high-fever patient when the ravings have ceased and his consciousness returns. The same telegraphic wire which, when played upon only by the general galvanic currents of the earth, uttered unmeaning and tumultuous sounds,—the mere stormy reverie of the elements,—became precise, business-like, informing, so soon as the lost end of it was picked up by a creature of the same order as he who managed the shore end.

It is not easy to hear of these things without being struck by the curious analogy between these artificial and artistic processes and those natural processes from which they are in some sense imitated. Scientific men assert that the nerves of the human body are to all intents and purposes a telegraphic apparatus, in which, however, the nervous agent, or equivalent of electricity, travels along the nervous cable indefinitely more slowly than electricity along the wire, more slowly than sound, more slowly than the motion of a race-horse.*

* See the remarkable paper read by M. Emile du Bois Reymond before the Royal Institution of Great Britain, on Tuesday, the 13th April last.

Could we imagine the cable a living nerve instead of a wire, and Ireland a ganglion communicating by means of this nerve with the other extremity, then, instead of receiving a thrill from the opposite end in far less than a second, the message would travel quite as slowly as if sent by express train from the same distance. The speed of the nervous agency, — so say the men of science, — is so utterly distanced by the speed of electricity that were the earth, as some of the ancient philosophers believed, a sort of vast globular animal, with a corporeal and nervous organization of its own *not more perfect than that of man*, then, any one part of her body would be indefinitely longer in receiving notice through her nervous system of what is happening to other parts of her body than even the carrier pigeon would be in bearing the news; and hence the invention of the electric telegraph would in such a case actually bring intelligence to any one organic centre of the earth *weeks beforehand* of the sympathetic pain that it would feel on the arrival of the nervous message weeks later, from any specific injury already affecting some other centre of its nervous force. If, then, the human nerves be carriers of information which are indefinitely more tardy, and therefore of course liable to indefinitely more perturbations, by the way, than the magnetic cable beneath the Atlantic, may we not fairly suppose that those chains of intellectual, moral, and spiritual association, for the complete command of which, in our present state, we are certainly more or less dependent on nervous agency, and which assuredly are not traversed by the mind itself from one end to the other without an appreciable and not inconsiderable lapse of time, are liable not only to the same class of perturbations as the magnetic cable itself, but even to more and greater? Owing to the much tardier rate at which thought travels down the long strands of association, and the far more complicated network of memories by which it is crossed and recrossed, not only in virtue of its original workmanship, but of the futile efforts with which we, like the Atlantic Cable squadron, often attempt to grapple and buoy them, there seems to us to be far more danger both of imperfect insulation and of interrupted coherence in the use of those delicate conducting media of thought and feeling, than of the injuries to which the Atlantic cable is itself liable. It is true indeed that we can scarcely suppose the spiritual chain of memory to be measurable by any corresponding and co-extensive length of nerve, so that it is scarcely fair to

infer from the slow transmission of perception along the nerves, the equally slow transmission of association and memory between past and present or present and past. No nervous fibre stretches away into our own past, like the Atlantic cable, from the American to the European shores, and it would be absurd to assert that in recalling our own past history from year to year, the number and succession of our thoughts could be measured by the length of nervous cable down which the supposed nervous fluid is transmitted from our earliest memory to our latest. Still, as there is a certain proportion between the rapidity of our various mental faculties, anything which gives us the rate at which we grow into full and conscious *perception*, affords some approximate measure of the general speed of our mental processes. Memory is probably so much quicker than perception only because, knowing the line of march, we skip the unimportant links in the chain without attending to them to-day at all in the way in which we did yesterday, while the journey was new; had we to attend as much to every point in the line of memory as we did in traversing the route for the first time, it would take us probably as long to remember yesterday as it did to live through it. But we refer to this not to establish a theory, but simply to justify the suggestion that if the scientific men are right in the time they assign to the transmission of a perception from one point to another of our organism, we may have some measure of the rate at which we should recall the same process at a future period, supposing that we dwelt with the same stress of attention on each stage of the process. And if this be granted, then what we are driving at all this time becomes evident, that strands of moral and spiritual association twisted (if we may be allowed the metaphor) through many long years, and submerged for the whole of that period far beneath the surface of the mind, are strictly speaking, and without metaphor, liable in a far higher degree to the same kinds of accidents, the same disturbing causes, the same imperfect insulations, the same temporary interruptions, and even in the last resort to the same rupture, as the submarine cable of the Atlantic telegraph itself. What are many kinds of nervous disturbance but false messages carried through old trains of association, in consequence of interruptions of the proper series of links by some rude shock at one of the more important centres of feeling during the slow passage of the connecting thought? What is the ordinary failure of power which

we connect with paralysis but the hesitation and delay with which the mind travels down a train of association that is, as we may say, imperfectly insulated, that is, broken by flutterings of illdefined and half remembered feelings at various stages on the path? What are various kinds of madness itself but the absolute rupture of some of the more important strands of memory, due to some great agitation or storm that has agitated the mind to its depth, and which become, therefore, instead of connecting threads of communication between person and person, or between one province of life and another, mere conductors of the unmeaning mutterings of reverie, striking accidentally some one of the broken chords in some now useless chain of once specific associations?

Such an analogy does not in the least imply the materiality of the mind itself, which we hold to be absurd. But if the conditions of association are similar in the time which they require for the process of recollection, and the regularity or irregularity with which the mind travels along them, to the conditions of the passage of nervous fluid along the nerves, and therefore also of the electric fluid along the wire, — there must be similar conditions also of the greater or less perfection with which they perform their office, and the same sort of possibility of their being rendered useless altogether, and becoming mere channels to transmit the fitful murmurings of inarticulate thought or feeling. When, indeed, the lost cable is *not* one of the great strands of memory on which the soundness of the mind itself depends, we all of us can recall plenty of instances in which we have personally fitted out such an expedition as the recent one in the Atlantic, have grappled with the missing clue, sometimes half found it, buoyed it with a new symbol to show it whereabouts, and almost got the lost end on board, when it has slipped away again with a great thud to the bottom. Sometimes, too, we may have been more successful, and re-established an important line of communication with provinces of thought long lost to view, and even then perhaps have had, like the *Great Eastern*, to overrun the wire to a considerable distance nearer our own end than the point at which we first grappled with it, in order to get rid of the tangle in which the different "buoy and grapnel ropes" — the extrinsic clues of fresh association by which we have sought to recover the lost thread — have involved it. But the point which makes our analogy seem, fancifully perhaps, of some value, is the report of the electricians that

the line of cable may really gain in value as a transmitting medium during the time in which it is lost and useless. Its "insulation" has, they say, in this case become more perfect, and the messages transmitted by it are better and more rapidly transmitted than by the newly laid cable. If this be true of an electric cable,—the only reason for it being of course that the pressure of the sea above it and the uniform temperature have rendered it less and less liable to disturbing influences,—why may not the same improvement take place, and for a like reason, in those broken cables of intellectual and moral associations that lie far beneath the consciousness of so many minds lost for the time to human reason? It certainly is not that the associative power is no longer there, for the very signals which we receive through them, incoherent and wild as they are in consequence of the rupture at the other end, often show, as the electric light on the lost cable showed, perfect and wonderful transmitting power, though the proper use of it is for the time lost. The true force of moral associations, we all know, often increases in intensity the less it is used to carry superficial currents of feeling. Those of our personal ties in which actual communication is broken by absence or death grow, as dreams alone are sufficient to tell us, clearer, keener, more perfectly "insulated," less crossed by petty and false threads of marring association, through the years of silence and disuse. That little ray of light by the gleam of which perhaps, unknown to us, the great Electrician of the spirit tests them day and night, shines the brighter only as the waves of daily action and passion roll deeper and fuller over the strands along which it flashes. And why may it not be so also with those broken strands which are interrupted not by absence or death, but by violent moral shocks,—the magnetic storms, as it were, of the spirit? Is there not even for the insane a hope that the gathering up of one or two drifting threads of passionate association, even though it be postponed from this life to the other, will restore them not merely to their former, but more than their former, rational energy? The expedition may have to be fitted out from the opposite shore, through the helplessness of the mind still lingering on this; it may be that no resources of human science can effect for them the renewal of the lost clues in mid-ocean, but it is easy to conceive that the drifting ends once fairly seized, whether from the spiritual shore or from this, it will need no miracle of healing,

nothing more than the mere restored line of communication between mind and mind, to exchange those wild and incoherent mutterings of broken association for streams of thought and feeling even purer, clearer, and more rapid than any which passed through it before the line was fractured and its bearings lost.

From the *Spectator*, 8 Sept.

THE DISMISSAL OF M. DROUYN DE LHUY'S.

It would be folly to consider the fact of M. Drouyn de Lhuys' retirement from the Foreign Office an incident of no extraordinary importance. At no time and under no circumstances — except of palpable external causes, such as manifest ill health — can the resignation of one of the Emperor Napoleon's Foreign Ministers be disassociated from political motives, for the life and action of the Empire are concentrated in its attitude towards foreign nations, so that the Director of the Foreign Department must be the essential organ of the Imperial mind. But if, then, at all times it is natural to ascribe a political reason for the removal of a Foreign Secretary, it becomes absolutely impossible to dismiss the notion, when we observe such an array of incidents attending an unexpected removal, as on this occasion. M. Drouyn de Lhuys' retirement has been pointedly marked with what the canons of common-sense interpretation must read as the signs of disgrace and expulsion. The announcement in the *Moniteur* of his having ceased to hold the seals of office produced not less surprise in the public, than the studied curtessy of language in which the Emperor communicated the Imperial acceptance of his Minister's resignation. It is impossible for any official expression to be more chilling in its wording. "I regret, my dear M. Drouyn de Lhuys, that circumstances should oblige me to accept your resignation," is all the Emperor has to say. Never has a Government servant been told to go to the right-about with less ceremony. Also, the surprise created by the first announcement has not diminished, for when so unexpected a resolution comes in so startling a manner men have the right to conjecture some exceptional motive to have been at work, and will strain their wits to guess it. It requires but a glance at the

newspaper correspondence from Paris to see how completely the public was unprepared for what has happened, and how thoroughly it is puzzled for an explanation of the event.

We believe that this must not be sought, as has been surmised, in backwardness on the part of the late Minister to assist in the literal execution of the September Convention concluded by himself. It is not in any backwardness, but in an attributed over-forwardness, that, we believe, has resided the head and front of M. Drouyn de Lhuys' offences. Information we have received on excellent authority indicates that M. Drouyn de Lhuys has been offered up as a scapegoat to the clamour of the French public, at France coming away with nothing but a fillip out of the great scramble that has so vastly enriched Prussia. In advancing the demand for a rectification of frontier, that statesman is charged in high quarters with having been guilty of language never authorized, so that he would be held responsible to France for having thoughtlessly exposed the Empire to a rebuff. Upon his head thus it is sought to concentrate the vials of noisy wrath at the inflation of Prussia, while France has not grown an inch, but has only been snubbed. Such is the account of the reasons for the resignation we derive from sources of an excellent nature, and it is borne out by everything which can be detected as an indication of what is going on. It is not merely by the downright harsh language publicly addressed to him in the letters of dismissal that the late Minister is held up to general attention as the object of Imperial disfavour. M. Drouyn de Lhuys, after having had the honour of France confided to his keeping during four years, is not only superseded, but summarily turned away, without being allowed to carry on the current business of the department for ten days longer, until the arrival of his successor from Turkey. A more glaring manifestation of sovereign displeasure, calculated to concentrate the heightened light of disgrace upon the individual, cannot be conceived. It is the proceeding to which a master has recourse when he wishes to mark his sense of the total untrustworthiness of a servant, and no posterior explanation will ever succeed in removing that impression. At the same moment that the Minister is thus dismissed, who is accused of having written despatches couched in an unauthorized tone of menace against Germany, we hear of various movements in an analogous sense. It is affirmed that M. de Lavalette, who certainly must

represent the current of influence contrary to that of the late Minister, as he is entrusted with the temporary direction of his department, and M. Rouher together, have succeeded in convincing the Emperor that he must frankly abandon all further ambiguous and semi-hostile attitude towards Germany, as this will inflame the fermenting agitation in France to a degree that must prove more than a match to the bridling power of Government, if indisposed to embark in war before long. And this report, circulated in well informed circles, derives confirmation from the fact that M. Benedetti, the direct go-between for the Emperor and Bismarck, who notoriously is imbued with pro-Prussian sympathies, has been summoned to Paris, and, though not promoted, as was anticipated, to the Foreign Office, has yet received a high mark of the Emperor's satisfaction with his services. It is only the wilfully blind, who will not see things and signs even when staring them in the face, who can persist in overlooking the significance of these facts.

What, then, are we entitled to infer from these circumstances? We believe them to portend that the Emperor Napoleon has made up his mind to set his face against the war growl raised by the French public. It cannot be denied that a feeling more dangerous than any the Empire has yet had to confront is at this moment abroad in France, and quite in a condition to attain an awkwardly explosive inflammatoriness. Already men's minds are dwelling on the scathing criticism on the Emperor's policy which is expected from M. Thiers on the opening of the Chambers, and it is certain that in Government regions it is felt that something must be done to retrieve the lustre tarnished by the simultaneous downfall of Mexico and the growth of Prussia tamely acquiesced in. To do so by the sharp and perilous agency of war — war against Germany united, not merely against Prussia — it would seem, is profoundly distasteful to the Emperor. And yet something must be compassed to burnish up the waning brilliancy of the Imperial *régime*. What this something may be is not yet distinctly visible, but there are very serious indications that the engines of diplomacy are in active motion to produce in peaceful accord the texture of a political settlement, which may gratify national vanity in France without its attainment being at the cost of national pride in Germany. It is the decided impression in well informed quarters that confidential negotiations are going on actively between the Tuilleries and Berlin,

although a dense mystery hangs over them as yet. A few points, however, peep out, like the peaks of glaciers over a sea of fog, that may give us a notion how the land lies. We know that Messrs. Barbier and Ozenne, the so-called representatives of a French company which professed to treat for the coal fields in the valley of the Saar before the war, but really functionaries of high position, have suddenly reappeared in Berlin; and although their proceedings have been hitherto surrounded with an impenetrable secrecy, only a childlike simplicity of mind will credit them with no business of a more serious kind than pleasure-seeking. Again, we learn from a reliable source that Count Bismarck certainly contemplates as not improbable a journey to Biarritz, in the latter half of this month, when the Emperor will be there. Finally, we hear that quite within the last few days the name of Luxembourg has turned up in diplomatic whispers on divers occasions, in a manner to convey the suspicion of a possible disposition to effect by common consent its transfer to a new allegiance.

From the Economist, 8 Sept.

THE SITUATION IN AMERICA.

THE recent Philadelphia Convention has been characterised by the President, in one of those violent philippics against Congress which have done so much to win him popularity with the broken aristocracy of the South, as likely to prove the greatest Convention since that memorable Convention of State delegates in 1787 which prepared the Constitution of the United States. Prophetic appreciations of the weight and significance of contemporary events are generally hazardous, and when proceeding from eager partisans who have a mot ve for hoping and passionately craving that they shall prove what it is barely possible that they may prove, are worth very little. Mr. Johnson may be right in believing that the Convention which managed to combine the ex-Secessionists who still detest the North in their hearts, the Northern party favourable to secession, and lastly the Northern party which is willing to smooth over difficulties by conceding anything to the South except secession, in a single Convention, basing their ambiguous concord on the letter of the Constitution, will really unite the States

into one *tolerably* compact whole again as little liable to fresh rupture as was the Union of 1787. But if he is right in so supposing, the concord which he fondly anticipates must surely be based on the rapid extinction or exile of the negro race; — for without that condition the policy which the President and his friends advocate of leaving the South to deal as it will with the freedmen, on the principle of the sacredness of State rights, means of course nothing less than leaving them to rebuild, without the name of slavery, the very same social structure which has just been so rudely overthrown, — to foster again into full bloom that totally distinct social and political ideal which led to the recent rupture, and which must lead to a new rupture only the more certainly and rapidly that the late war has brought out into the most conscious and confessed contrast in both North and South the widely opposed conceptions of political honour and duty which the free-soil and the serf system respectively engender. For our own parts we see the clearest indications that whatever may be the immediate result of the Philadelphia compromise on the coming elections, — and as a caucus to manage elections no doubt it was a very dexterous bit of electioneering of the short-sighted temporary kind, — it will never effect much in the way of cementing a real union between the dissentient States. Such a union to be sound must be based on an assimilation of the social and political ideal of the States to be drawn together. Nothing can be more futile in the eyes of spectators looking on from a distance than the attempt to skin over such wounds as we have recently seen bleeding, without extracting the irritating substance which keeps up the pain and irritation. Sometimes, no doubt, for a time, before radical differences of this kind have come to an open rupture, the purely alleviating and anodyne treatment may be successful in postponing the crisis. But the feud having been once fiercely acknowledged and fought out, as this feud has been, it is a sign of those shallow political insights which are usually characteristic of wire-pullers even to hope that such differences should cease while all the natural causes which produced them and fostered their growth are left almost untouched to bear fresh seed. The truth seems to us to be that the blindest and dullest of all the parties in the United States is that which some of the shrewdest and most cunning of the Republicans, such as Mr. Seward, and Mr. Raymond of the *New York Times*, have chosen to countenance. Sharing as they do

the extreme — and if it were not paradoxical to call it so, we would say the *fanatical* — moderation so characteristic of the half-educated, sober, secular-minded American intelligence, they evidently hope, as they hoped years ago, to humour the South back into cordiality, by bidding them see how little they wish to interfere with their "domestic institutions." True, the war has arisen out of those domestic institutions. But then, think the wire-pullers, the war has warned the South how far they may go, and that it is useless to attempt to develop these domestic institutions into the groundwork of an independent polity. If they give up all notions of that kind, what does it matter to the Northern States what private iniquities the Southern States are by the exercise of State sovereignty committing? Slavery is abolished, and as for checking the injustice of the Southern tribunals and the Southern legislatures, that would be a gross violation of the sacred principle of State rights; and as for the promise of protection given to the subject race, and the faith which the Government owes to its own former negro soldiers, these are obligations altogether inferior in binding force to those taken under the old Constitution, to let alone each State in the exercise of its divine prerogative. Such is evidently the idea of Mr. Johnson and his new party. That it should be Mr. Johnson's idea is not perhaps very strange or extraordinarily discreditable to him. Educated all his life to think slavery lawful, and inoculated thoroughly with its virus, — it was only as a statesman of the Union, and from his firm belief in the greatness of the nation as a whole, that he was induced to sacrifice and oppose slavery. Naturally enough, he cannot see how deep its dissociating tendency goes. Still more naturally he cannot dread it for its own sake, but only for that of the Union. If his views are narrow, prejudiced, vulgar, and somewhat tinged with the ferocity of the fire-eaters against the New England fanatics, as he regards them, we have no reason to wonder at and less to blame him. But his supporters, Messrs. Seward, Raymond, and Co., are far less pardonable. That *they* do not see that to restore the Union they must extirpate the one root-difference between North and South, even at the cost of years of painful statesmanship and slow legislation, is due less to intellectual than moral causes. The appetite for political compromise among the managers of political sections in America is so keen, that principles vanish like smoke before the vision of

a new combination. The pseudo-republicans think it looks easy to *tempt* back the South into Union, and terribly hard to root out the deep-seated cause of disunion, so they shut their eyes resolutely to the latter even though it involve breach of faith to the only element in the South that has been always loyal, and try the decoy system which the Philadelphia Convention has just been inaugurating amidst such universal democratic jubilation.

The policy of that Convention was as follows: — *sub silentio* to waive the right gained by Congress under the constitutional amendment to extirpate, by its own action, slavery in the South; — to waive the principle laid down in the Civil Rights Act conferring the civil rights of United States citizens on the negroes; — to put an end at once to the Freedmen's Bureau, the military institution which represented the negroes in the South and interfered on their behalf whenever the law flagrantly wronged them, — all this on condition that the Secessionists in their turn would give up dreams of disunion, resume their loyalty, repudiate their own debt, consent to be taxed for the payment of the debt incurred in conquering them, and speak respectfully of that Federal army by which they were overthrown. That was the programme of the party who managed the recent Philadelphia Convention, and that is the policy of the President, who openly and passionately accuses Congress — a far clearer-sighted body than the Convention — of striking at liberty and the Constitution because it has declined to welcome back the South without guarantees for the real as well as nominal abolition of slavery. But is there any presumption, even as matters stand at present, that the President and Convention will prove to be right and the Congress wrong? In our minds the evidence is entirely in the other direction. The Convention was saved by mere excess of skill from complete shipwreck. The ex-party of active rebellion was strong in it; the ex-party favourable to that rebellion on the Northern side was strong in it; and had the supporters of either of these parties spoken, the prospects of the Convention as an electioneering caucus would have been absolutely at an end. To restrain the Northerners who had favoured the rebellion — such as Mr. Fernando Wood and Mr. Vallandigham — from speaking, required the entreaty, the persistent and passionate entreaty, of all the leaders of the Convention. The ex-Secessionists could only be restrained from speaking by suppressing all general debate of all kinds, and making the Convention a mere

formal meeting to pass a string of resolutions, for many of which the Southern delegates could not persuade themselves to vote, though they did not express their disgust by open opposition. The whole meeting was artificially managed, and, by very skilful manipulation of questions of order and form, kept without an opportunity of any real exchange of opinions. The Northern compromise party managed everything, and so the loyal, specious-looking resolutions got themselves passed without any open defiance. But how did the South receive the compromise? It burst into savage criticism the next day on the hypocrisy of the loyal resolutions. The leading newspapers distinctly repudiated them. Even the leading newspapers of that party in the North which had formerly favoured secession broke out against the Philadelphia platform. Everything tends to show that the chosen wire-pullers of the Convention have been too sharp for substantial success. They have made a hollow and unmeaning truce *look* like hearty peace. They have made the sullen toleration of Southerners, who only kept silence because they hated Congress *worse* than the leaders of the Convention, look like hearty alliance and co-operation with their own plans. But the prospect of a new party is in reality chimerical. At the elections Southern delegates will be returned for the express purpose of throwing the burden of the Federal debt in some way off the South,—for expressing the intense Southerner's hatred towards the Federal armies, and resisting in every way the vote of money for the soldiers of those armies. With such delegates it will be impossible for the Republican Compromise party to act, and so the new combination will probably go to pieces.

The truth is that good policy and good faith alike require that this great reconstruction question should not be dealt with as a matter that can be settled by merely appealing to the provisions of the old Constitution. The old Constitution did not recognise the difficulty of two hostile political systems growing up in neighbouring States. Those systems have since grown up, and the more powerful and more noble of the two, the free-soil system, has conquered in the physical struggle. But it cannot stop here. It must assimilate the other and antagonistic system to itself before it can expect peace, amity, union. To do this requires anxious statesmanship, a long protectorate, great fidelity to the negroes so suddenly emancipated, in short a transitional system of long-protracted care. And the North will, we

do not doubt,—for its intelligence though slow is sure,—grasp fully, as even the late Congress did rudely and with a coarse preliminary sagacity, the nature of the problem it has to solve, and address itself to its solution, undistracted from its duty by Mr. Johnson's violent menaces and Mr. Seward's political cunning.

SKETCH OF NAPOLEON II.

SINCE the recent mediation of the Emperor of the French, which has perhaps saved Austria from total annihilation, there is reason to believe that the desire of France to possess the ashes of the young Prince who was for a few hours Napoleon II., has been acceded to by the Emperor Francis Joseph, and that the mortal remains of the King of Rome will soon be placed beneath the dome of the Invalides, side by side with those of his illustrious father. Thus the great Napoleon and his son, separated by destiny in life, will at last be united in death. Both died in the land of exile, and neither will have found repose upon the soil of France until after many years' sleep far from her shores—one upon a rock-bound island in a distant ocean, and the other in the funeral vault of an Austrian palace.

Little is generally known in America of the last years of Napoleon II., and the present moment seems opportune to give a sketch of his brief and melancholy career.

Joseph Charles Francis Napoleon, King of Rome, Duke of Reichstadt, was born at Paris on the 20th of March, 1811. All the good fairies seemed to have assembled around his cradle, and all appeared to predict for him honors, riches, and power; not one intimated a doubt of his future grandeur and lustre! Yet, despite the happy presages which accompanied his birth, scarcely three years after he came into the world as the heir of Napoleon, the young Prince left France on the 2d of May, 1814, never to return during life. On arriving in the dominions of his grandfather, the Emperor of Austria, his title was suppressed, the name he bore was proscribed, every fact in history which recalled the glory of his father and the humiliation of his enemies was carefully concealed from the child's knowledge, and at seven years of age the son of Napoleon became the Duke of Reichstadt.

• An Imperial decree, promulgated July

22, 1818, (the 22d of July was also the date of his death,) conferred upon him the title of an Austrian Duke, fixed his rank at the Court of Vienna, the arms he was to bear, the honors to which he was to be entitled, and the position he was to occupy as a member of the Imperial family of Austria. No trace of Napoleon was left, and the name itself was formally suppressed by the decree.

Afterward, as he grew up and learned what hero had been his father, he suddenly awoke as from a long slumber. When he read in secret the story of Napoleon's immortal campaigns, and comprehended the glory and power to which the genius of his father had attained, it seemed to him that he had all at once entered another world, illuminated by the history of gigantic exploits.

Then, despite those who surrounded him, despite the incessant watch kept over him, he determined to know all. He obtained and eagerly devoured every work in which Napoleon's name was mentioned, and finally, when he realized how great his father had been, what humiliations had been heaped upon him, how he had died a tortured prisoner, the young Prince was filled with an immense hatred of those who had accomplished the banished soldier's long martyrdom. His indignation was also excited against the decree which deprived him of the name which he justly regarded as the most glorious of those he bore, and he immediately and resolutely signified his intention to be called Napoleon. Like his father, he was fond of the profession of arms, but his tall, thin body could not withstand the arduous exercises to which he attempted to school himself. Appointed Colonel of the Gustavus Vasa Regiment, he assumed the active command, took part in every fatiguing ceremony, in all weathers, and no matter how ill he was, or how much his physicians remonstrated. His dreams were of glory. He studied the art of war in the numberless descriptions of his father's battles, either reading them or inducing others to recount them to him with the map of Europe beneath his eye.

He would never consent to lie down, except when his feebleness absolutely forced him to do so. He well knew that he must soon die, but he had only one regret in leaving the world, and that was to have done

so little to prove himself worthy to bear the name of Napoleon. I remember having often seen, in America, an engraving representing him grasping his father's sword and lamenting his powerlessness to wield the weapon which had so long "made all Europe tremble." The phrase attributed to him may be apocryphal, as regards the strict letter of the expression, but that such were in reality his feelings cannot be doubted for an instant.

His mother, a woman whose heart seemed insensible to any ennobling emotion, and who had not the dignity to remain the widow of Napoleon—his mother wept at his bedside, when the fatal moment drew near.

"Mother! mother!" he whispered, "I am dying!"

It was the 22d of July, 1832, and these were the last words of Napoleon II., expiring in a murmur upon his lips with his last breath. Thus died the son of the Great Captain, at the age of twenty-one years. Six days after his death, on the 28th, a *post mortem* examination of the remains was made at Schönbrunn. The following is an extract of the medical report:

"The body completely emaciated; the chest, in proportion to the body, long and narrow; the sternum flattened; the neck wasted."

He was interred at Schönbrunn with princely honors, and visitors to his tomb, at the present day, will see upon it a Latin inscription, of which the following is a translation:

To the eternal memory
Of Joseph Charles Francis, Duke of Reich-
stadt;
Son of Napoleon. Emperor of the French,
And of Maria Louisa, Arch-Duchess of Austria;
Born at Paris, the 20th of March, 1811,
Died at Schönbrunn, July 22, 1832.

He had himself written an epitaph, which he wished placed upon his tomb, but which was rejected. It was brief and to the purpose:

Here lies the Son of the Great Napoleon!
He was born King of Rome;
He died an Austrian Colonel!

Paris Cor. N.Y. Times.